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HUSTLER®

APRIL 2014

FOR THE REST OF THE WORLD

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STEAMY STANDUP **APRIL MACIE** FINE ART OF THE **DICK JOKE**

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THANK YOU, AMERICA

- **For the billions of hours of free amateur porn.** Take it from us, this is a nation of sick motherfuckers. And we love you for it.
- **For not standing up and fighting for your freedoms** when you found out that we've been shredding your Constitutional right to privacy and will keep doing so.
- **For letting us drive Edward Snowden out of the country** and instill the awesome fear of endless persecution into the hearts of future whistleblowers.
- **For allowing us to harass anyone who makes fun of us,** regardless of the fact that parodies are a protected form of free speech.

HUSTLER PARODY: This is not a real ad. It is a parody and commentary on the National Security Agency and its attempt to silence American citizens who speak up about its un-Constitutional spying activities. Both the NSA and Department of Homeland Security recently sent cease-and-desist orders to Minnesota-based entrepreneur Dan McCall of **LibertyManiacs.com**, who makes and sells merchandise with slogans such as "Spying on you since 1952" and "The NSA: The only part of government that actually listens." Attorneys with the organization Public Citizen have filed a lawsuit on behalf of McCall, citing the First Amendment. We applaud their efforts. This parody ad may be reproduced in publications and on the Internet, but only in its entirety and without modification or alteration of any kind for non-profit and noncommercial purposes, without further permission of HUSTLER Magazine or LFP Publishing Group, LLC.

"Hey, buddy, mind if I go ahead of you? I only get a 20-minute lunch break."

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HUSTLER®

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Cover photo by Digital Desire

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CRUEL AND ALL TOO USUAL

A recent study by the American Civil Liberties Union found that over 3,200 people in this country are serving life terms without parole for nonviolent crimes. The vast majority of them have been locked up for victimless, drug-related offenses—and most of the prisoners are African American.

This trend of gross injustice results from the failed policy of mandatory-minimum sentencing combined with glaringly obvious institutional racism. Even the judges involved in many of these cases are raising loud objections to the sentences that federal and state law force them to impose.

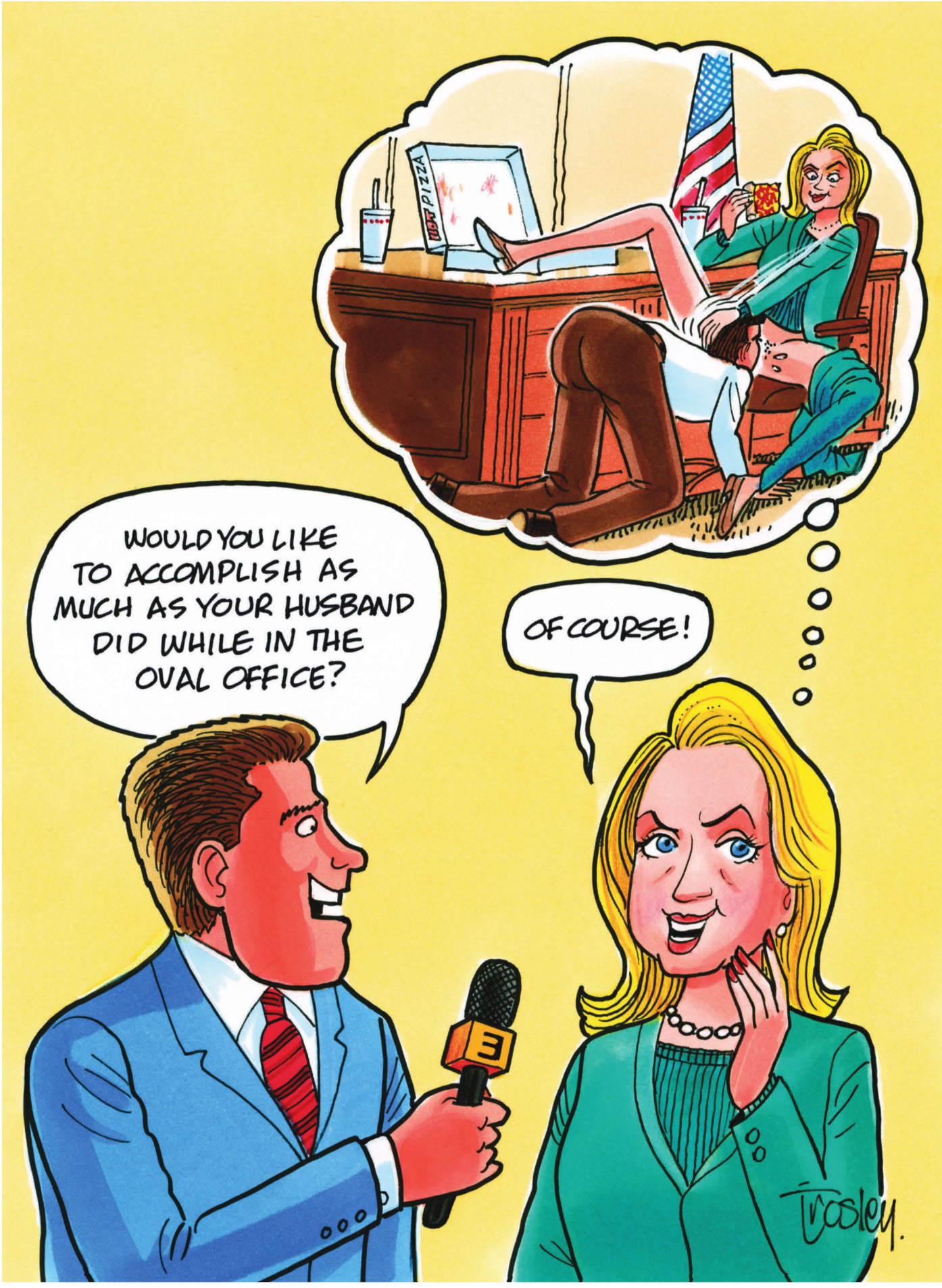
Whatever happened to "let the punishment fit the crime?" Mandatory-minimum sentencing and three-strikes laws are a travesty of justice and a violation of our national principles.

The Eighth Amendment to the United States Constitution clearly states: "Excessive bail shall not be required, nor excessive fines imposed, nor cruel and unusual punishments inflicted." Grossly disproportionate sentencing is obviously cruel. Unfortunately, it is no longer unusual.

Nobody should be condemned to die in prison for selling weed, shoplifting a jacket or trying to cash a stolen check. Not only is it wrong and un-American, it destroys families and wastes billions of taxpayer dollars.

I call upon Congress to repeal mandatory-minimum-sentencing laws and upon President Obama to use his power of pardon to review the excessive sentences of nonviolent criminals. Let us restore civility and basic humanity to our justice system.

Larry Flynt
Publisher


PIZZA
WOULD YOU LIKE TO ACCOMPLISH AS MUCH AS YOUR HUSBAND DID WHILE IN THE OVAL OFFICE?
OF COURSE!
Trosley.

FLASH OF PATRIOTISM ON CAPITOL HILL

TWO LAWMAKERS ROLL OUT A SURPRISE BILL TO LIMIT DATA-SCOOPING BY THE NATIONAL SECURITY AGENCY.

Sometimes Republicans get it right, usually after first being terribly wrong. But when sanity does prevail, we should be thankful all the same. That's why Congressman Jim Sensenbrenner, a Wisconsin Republican and former chairman of the House Judiciary Committee, is that rare right-winger I want to commend.

True, he screwed up a decade ago in response to the 9/11 attacks, when he cowrote the USA PATRIOT Act, which allowed government agencies—led by the NSA—to seriously undermine our individual freedoms in the name of fighting terrorism. But high points go to the man for seeing the error of his ways after Edward Snowden's revelations that the NSA has used the act's provisions to dig up every bit of data on the private communications of most Americans, in clear violation of the U.S. Constitution's Fourth Amendment.

An outraged Sensenbrenner teamed up with Democratic Senator Patrick Leahy of Vermont to coauthor a bill preventing the NSA from abusing the law. In November 2013, addressing the European Parliament's Civil Liberties, Justice and Home Affairs Committee, Sensenbrenner noted: "The constant stream of disclosures about U.S. surveillance since June has surprised and appalled me as much as it has the American public and our international allies. I have therefore introduced legislation along with Senator Patrick Leahy, the chairman of the Senate Judiciary Committee, that will curtail surveillance abuses and restore trust in the U.S. intelligence community."

The bill is titled "USA FREEDOM Act," short for "Uniting and Strengthening America by Fulfilling Rights and Ending Eavesdropping, Dragnet-collection and Online Monitoring Act." As Sensenbrenner explained, "The title intentionally echoes the Patriot Act because it does what the Patriot Act was meant to do—strike a proper balance between civil liberties and national security."

The proposed law, which has gathered wide bipartisan support, would drastically impact how the NSA and other agencies collect personal data. But, as Sensenbrenner assured the European parliamentary committee, it does not prevent U.S. government agencies from doing the difficult work of protecting the nation: "The USA FREEDOM Act would end the NSA's bulk collection of data under the Patriot Act whether it pertains to Americans or foreigners. The U.S. government would still be able to follow leads and obtain data when it has a reasonable suspicion that someone is connected to terrorism, but it would no longer be able to collect data indiscriminately in bulk from innocent people."

The vacuum-cleaner approach—scooping up every digital clue as to our thoughts, associations, purchases and correspondence—is the hallmark of a totalitarian regime. It's a high-tech variation of what the king of England's lackeys did with so-called general warrants, allowing them to invade the privacy of colonists in the New World.

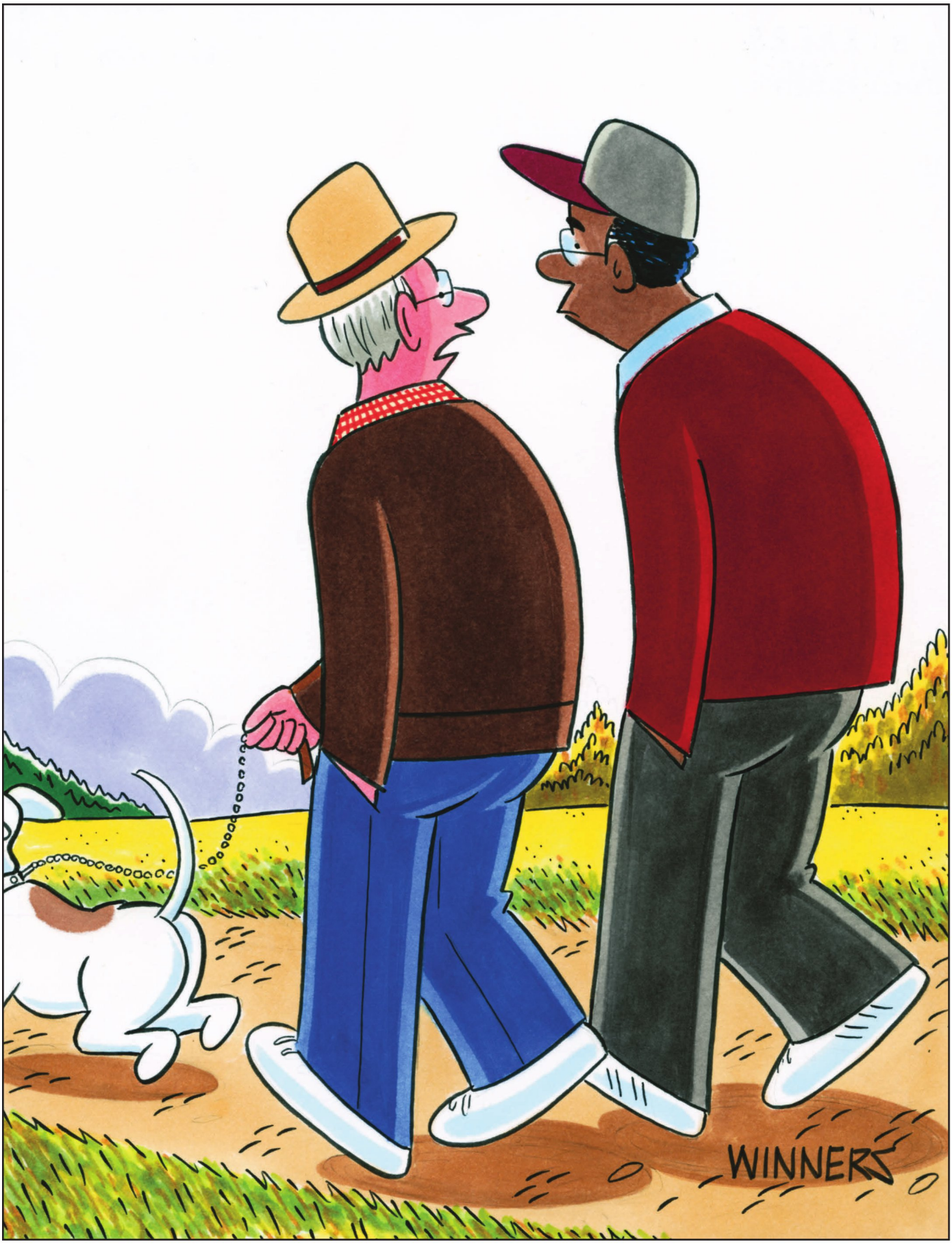
The American Revolution was fought in large measure to eliminate that intrusion of totalitarian power into the lives of the colonists. It is for that reason that the Founders of this nation added the following words as the Fourth Amendment to the U.S. Constitution: "The right of the people to be secure in their persons, houses, papers, and effects, against unreasonable searches and seizures, shall not be violated, and no Warrants shall issue, but upon probable cause, supported by Oath or affirmation, and particularly describing the place to be searched, and the person or things to be seized."

What part of that don't the NSA stalkers get? You want to go prying into the private lives of citizens, you've got to come up with a case for "probable cause" to justify invading our personal space. As Sensenbrenner pointed out, he trusted the NSA folks to honor that basic right. "But the NSA abused that trust," he bristled. "It ignored restrictions painstakingly crafted by lawmakers and assumed a plenary authority never imagined by Congress. Worse, the NSA has cloaked its operations behind such a thick cloud of secrecy that even if our trust was restored, Congress and the American people would lack the ability to verify it."

That makes the NSA an outlaw, and hats off to the congressman for nailing it. H

Before serving almost 30 years as a *Los Angeles Times* columnist and editor, Robert Scheer spent the late 1960s as Vietnam correspondent, managing editor and editor in chief of *Ramparts* magazine. He is now editor of **TruthDig.com**. His latest book is *The Great American Stickup: Greedy Bankers and the Politicians Who Love Them.*

"You've got it backwards, Grandpa. Your news channel should be Comedy Central, and your comedy channel should be Fox News!"



"And just when I thought the Republicans couldn't possibly get any crazier, up pops this sonofabitch Ted Cruz!"

OBAMA'S IRON FIST

THE PRESIDENT'S COUNTERTERRORISM STRATEGY RUNS COUNTER TO WHAT OUR FOUNDERS FOUGHT FOR.

On first taking possession of the Oval Office, Barack Obama appeared to be restoring basic Constitutional rights annulled by the Bush-Cheney regime. The President pledged to soon close the detention facility at Guantanamo, where alleged terrorists were sent to be held indefinitely outside American rule of law. And with a special dramatic tribute to our Founders, Obama shut down the CIA's notorious "black sites"—from which emerged horror stories of prisoners being brutally interrogated far beyond our borders and the reach of our judicial system.

This former professor of Constitutional law even promised to let suspected terrorists be tried in our civilian courts. Characteristically, Obama actually had no intention of fulfilling any of his vows to uphold the Constitution.

To put it plainly, once elected and reelected, Barack Obama *is* the law. He never ceases finding new ways to add to his regal powers. How many realize that the President is showing utter disregard for the reason why our Founders routed King George III? This Presidential ploy is described in the Associated Press article "Did Obama Swap 'Black' Detention Sites for Ships?"

Eileen Sullivan reported: "Instead of sending suspected terrorists to Guantanamo Bay or secret CIA 'black sites' for interrogation, the Obama Administration is questioning terrorists for as long as it takes aboard U.S. naval vessels. And it's doing it in a way that preserves the government's ability to ultimately prosecute the suspects in civilian courts."

Huh? Under our system of justice, how does the government ascertain that these individuals are "terrorists"? Or even "suspects"? They're hauled onto a ship at sea without access to a lawyer or a judge. And what does "ultimately" mean? Whatever King Obama chooses.

Sullivan pointed out that this Obama tactic "also raises questions about using 'law of war' powers to circumvent the safeguards of the U.S. criminal justice system." Namely its core: due process and a speedy trial. And what's going to happen to those "terrorists" before they're presumably brought before a judge? Torture? So if any of the interrogators leaks *that* information, he too could be detained indefinitely on a naval vessel.

Enter Hina Shamsi, a lawyer and director of the ACLU's National Security Project. She said that "it's a good thing" these suspects are not being held secretly like under Bush. But she added, "I am very troubled if this is the pattern that the administration is setting for itself."

Ms. Shamsi, this *is* the pattern.

And dig this from Eileen Sullivan's article, which the rest of the media has virtually ignored: "In 2010 U.S. District Judge Lewis Kaplan ruled that the government could prosecute al-Qaeda suspect [?] Ahmed Ghailani in New York, despite holding him for five years in CIA and military custody. Kaplan said the delay didn't violate Ghailani's speedy-trial rights because the government has the authority to detain suspects during wartime.…The Obama Administration has said it can hold high-value detainees on a ship for as long as it needs to."

"For as long as it needs to"? Where's that in the Constitution?

Abu Anas al-Libi, another suspect long held and interrogated on a ship, was finally brought to a court. Guess who his judge was. You got it: Lewis Kaplan.

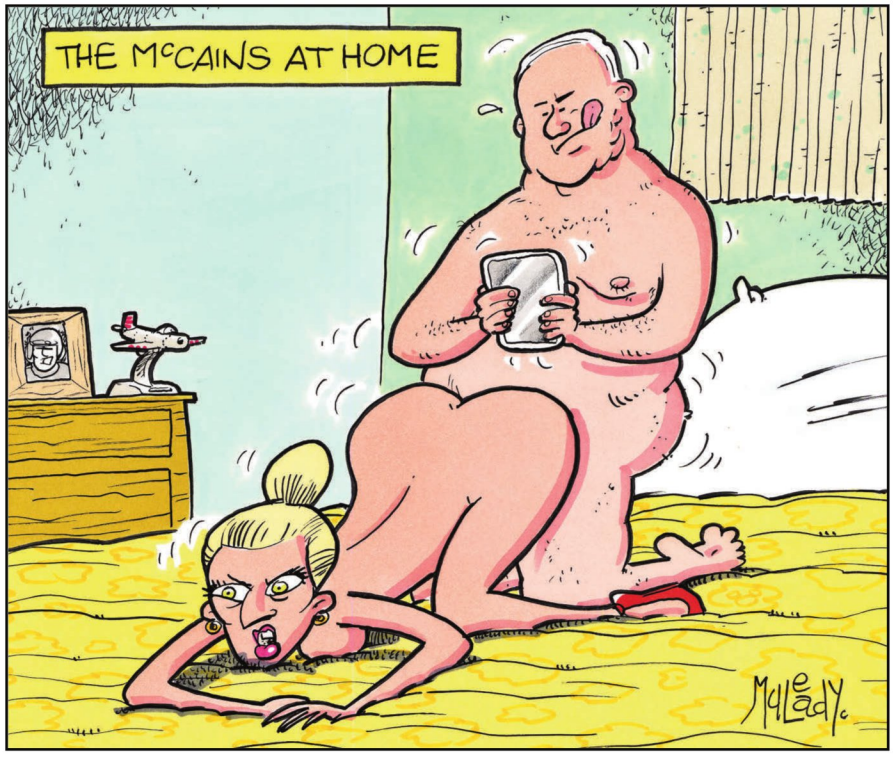
And now startling new information on Obama's un-American law of war: According to a report in *The Washington Post*, documents provided to the newspaper by former NSA contractor Edward Snowden "reveal the agency's extensive involvement in the targeted killing program that has served as a centerpiece of President Obama's counterterrorism strategy."

These cold-blooded assassinations carried out by the CIA are way outside our rule of law. So when do impeachment proceedings against His Highness begin?

Of course, whistleblower Snowden will not receive a Presidential Medal of Freedom from the incumbent. Nor is it likely to be bestowed by any of Obama's successors. But Snowden surely will get the equivalent from future historians of the United States.

On Election Day 2016, I may well write in Edward Snowden on my Presidential ballot. That'll be noted in my NSA database. H

Nat Hentoff, a senior fellow at the Cato Institute and Jazz Foundation of America board member, is a historian of the Constitution, syndicated columnist and jazz critic. His books include *The First Freedom: The Tumultuous History of Free Speech in America* and *Living the Bill of Rights*.



"I can't believe you got caught playing video poker while Congress was in session! What other stupid shit have you been up to that I don't know about?"

"Well, answer him, you fucking freedom-loving, goddamn worker-supporting, shitass Bill of Rights-hugging sonofabitch Democrat! He wants to know what's wrong with our marriage!"

LARRY KLAYMAN

Even the most pathetic little turd can have a big dream once in a while. Right-wing attorney Larry Klayman's latest still-born fantasy was to lead a Tea Party lynch mob of millions to Washington, D.C., and spark the "Second American Revolution." That's code for "drag the black man out of the White House." Less than 100 people showed up. One of them was wearing a George Washington costume to prove they were serious. Sure, Obama was shitting bricks, but only from laughing so hard.

At a previous rally at the World War II Memorial, with Asshole of the Month dishonorees Ted Cruz and Sarah Palin as his main pom-pom bitches, Klayman tested the waters of treason when he said Obama "bows down to Allah" and demanded "that this President leave town, to get up, to put the Koran down, to get up off his knees and to figuratively come up with his hands out." It was word salad, but all Klayman's rabid band of bigots heard anyway was "Sic 'em!"

Klayman (whose name our spellchecker likes to randomly write as Klansman) made a lot of pre-revolution noise about his Occupy Washington stunt being "peaceful," but it was obvious that, like a good Mansonian cult leader, he was hoping to get his freak family fired up enough to do stuff they'd regret. "Violent revolution," he likes to say, "looms on the horizon." If by "violent" you mean the Secret Service gunning you down before you get across the White House lawn, then yes, Larry, it does.

Klayman has never been closer to wearing a sheet and a pointy hat even though he's been a rank rectum for decades. After cutting his chops as a Justice Department henchman for Ronald Reagan, he founded a group called Judicial Watch and spent the '90s doing to Bill Clinton what he's now doing to Obama: haranguing him endlessly with publicity stunts and lawsuits aimed more at scoring political points than exacting any kind of actual justice. Sucking up cash from right-wing donors and direct-mail saps, his delusional plan then was to miraculously and swiftly ascend, "God willing," to an epic battle for the Presidency against Hillary Clinton. He promised his base of crazies that he would be her "worst nightmare."

As it turned out, Klansman's political career flopped worse than diarrhea out of a donkey's ass. During his 2004 primary run for U.S. senator from Florida, Klansman landed seventh in a pack of eight. Even Florida Republicans were momentarily lucid enough to know that Scary Larry was ballot-box poison.

His utter lack of appeal to more than a handful of cretins at one time stems not only from his innate repugnance, but also some seriously ugly shit he'd picked up along the way. Exhibit one: Klayman willingly became a walking lawyer joke by suing his own mother. According to the suit, he spent $50,000 on nurses for his dying grandmother, then tried to make Mom pay him back for it. What a nice, Christian thing to do. Here's the kicker: When the story hit the papers, Klansman used it to harass the Clintons some more, blaming them for digging it up! If there's one thing an asshole hates, it's when that old shit just won't stay flushed.

But there's an even more repugnant skeleton in the Klayman closet, one that he routinely sues anyone for even mentioning. Before we get to it, we'd just like to stress that this particular little crap nugget, as credible as it may sound to many, is unproven, and Klayman (we turned off the spellchecker this time) has repeatedly denied it.

In a 2010 custody battle following the collapse of his marriage, his ex-wife alleged that Klayman had "inappropriately touched" one of his children. We said "alleged," Larry, like it says in the judge's ruling! Not that you actually molested anyone or played creepy games with your kids. God forbid, we'd say any of that. And when we point out that the judge's ruling referenced a pediatrician and a social worker who also alleged the sexual abuse and that you refused to answer questions about it, we're just reporting on the allegations and most definitely not saying that the scumbag who sued his own mother has a thing for little children. Just so we're clear.

Something Klansman can't dispute is that his courtroom fanaticism has prompted judges to slap him with lifetime bans, and most of his grandstanding lawsuits have been shitcanned. He represented raving homophobic preacher Bradlee Dean in his defamation case against MSNBC host Rachel Maddow. Dean lost. He repped WorldNetDaily editor-in-chief and birther-in-arms Joseph Farah in his defamation suit against *Esquire* magazine. The judge tossed it. He sued Facebook for not taking down an anti-Israel page fast enough. The judge laughed it out of court. And on and on.

At the core of Klansman's neverending crusade against everything nonwhite and non-Western is his dual religious indoctrination: He's a Jew who loves Jesus. That double dose of delusion has resulted in an obsessive Old Testament conviction that not only is Obama a Muslim, he's the worst kind. The President is "a Hitler-like figure," he writes, "finding scapegoats such as whites, Jews and Christians to use to rally the shock troops for his black Muslim crusade." Holy shit! You better hide, Larry. Sounds like Obama's about to go Helter Skelter on your ass.

If the Clinton era was Larry Klayman's warm-up for Obama, the Obama era is probably just his dress rehearsal for the showdown with his real nemesis: President Hillary Clinton. By then, the ranks of new American revolutionaries will have swelled to at least 101 strong. Gird your loins, Larry, and put away childish things like suing old women and magazines. Your epic struggle against the heathen hordes is just beginning. A new white world order will dawn, and all will herald the Great Klansman. Keep dreaming, asshole! H

EXIT THROUGH THE STRIP CLUB

PHOTOS COURTESY BANKSY.CO.UK

Renegade street artist Banksy hit the HUSTLER Club in Hell's Kitchen for the 24th piece of his month-long "residency" in New York City. This forlorn gentleman was stenciled onto the rolldown security gate of our jiggle joint sometime between closing and the break of dawn. "Waiting in vain at the door of the club" reads the title posted on Banksy's website (**BanksyNY.com**).

For 30 days the famously anonymous artist unveiled surprise exhibits, including a slaughterhouse delivery truck full of stuffed animals and a fiberglass Ronald McDonald frowning down at a real-life shoeshine boy.

"I want to thank @banksyny for coming by the HUSTLER Club," Larry Flynt tweeted the day the piece was discovered. "I have a lot of respect for the art."

"Think outside the box, collapse the box and take a fucking sharp knife to it." —BANKSY, ARTIST

JACKOFF JUSTICE

Now you can jerk off at the beach without getting busted! If you move to Sweden, that is. The Södertörn District Court recently acquitted a man of all charges originating from his sandy handy. What got him off? He was just stroking it solo, not aiming at a specific person. In the land of IKEA you can jack, but not splat. Finally a judge who knows the difference between the warm-up and a money shot!

PHOTOS BY GIA JORDAN

CLAW BRAWL

"Elbows on the pads!"

Cheered on by a bawdy crowd, the Velvet Hammer faces the Barberess of Seville, who promises to "rip your roots out faster than you can say Brazilian with a landing strip." Eyes lock. Hands grip. The ref shouts, "Go!" And in less than a minute the Barberess is pinned to the table. >>

"I always wanted to be somebody, but now I realize I should have been more specific." —LILY TOMLIN, COMEDIAN

VELVET HAMMER'S LAST STAND AGAINST MADAME MURDER

Welcome to CLAW, Collective of Lady Arm Wrestlers. Their mission: Empower women and strengthen local communities through theater, arm wrestling and charity. This brawl is held in a revamped bra factory near downtown L.A. Over 50 badass chicks show up to flex their guns. Then it's hand-to-hand combat, drinking, trash-talking and hollering from each lady's rowdy entourage. Madame Murder eventually slaughters the Velvet Hammer to score the big trophy.

Twenty-plus cities across the U.S. now boast CLAW leagues. To locate one or to start a league of your own, check out **ClawUSA.org**.

"Go to heaven for the climate, hell for the company." —MARK TWAIN, AUTHOR

Flyntmania

Love your magazine. Got a subscription to it. Also love Mr. Larry Flynt. Without him and his fight for freedom of speech, this world would be so one-sided. I would like to thank him for all he's done. Is there any way I can get an autographed picture of Mr. Flynt? Love *Beaver Hunt* too!

—Robert Romanenko
Chicago, Illinois

Thanks for the support, Robert! We'll work on getting that autographed photo for you.

Marital Aid

My husband and I are keeping the promise we made when we wrote a letter printed in the March '13 *Feedback*. He actually suggested that I pose for *Beaver Hunt*. I didn't believe I was hot enough to get published, but he did, and he was right! He is very proud!

By the way, when my husband purchased the May '13 issue, he automatically got hard just seeing the cover. Now if that's not progress, I don't know what is. You guys are great.

My husband would like to know if you are hiring. He says he doesn't care what position. He would even start out by sweeping the floors and taking out the trash. Mr. Flynt has been his hero since he was old enough to read. **—April Showers**
Baltimore, Maryland

April made the cut for this month's *Beaver Hunt*. **See page 103.**

Hunt Club

I see that Odette in the January '14 *Beaver Hunt* would like to seduce a man in his 60s. I am 62 and found her pictures very seductive. I would be glad to meet Odette to give her the opportunity to fulfill her goal in person. **—I. Rosenfeld**
Dana Point, California

You really blew me away with the *Beaver Hunt* ladies in the January '14 issue. I'd love to see Caramel D. covered in cum and filled with cock in a HUSTLER video. MJ from California gave us all a happy ending. Her legs are amazing! Her ass and pussy look like they are always ready for cock or a warm, wet tongue. Lehcar from Rome, New York, looks so hot! She could be my tattooed sex slave anytime. And Nikki from Mentor, Ohio, looks like she's aching for a good assfucking.

My favorite lady was Odette from Alabama. Hey, Odette, I'm 55, 5-9, 160 pounds, flat stomach, muscular arms and a nine-incher that's almost as round as a tennis ball. Please seduce me, Odette. I don't want a senior-citizen discount. I have some wiener gravy for you to try. As always, thank you, HUSTLER. You are the greatest magazine of all time. **—Shawn Connelly**
Kansas City, Missouri

I just got the January '14 issue of HUSTLER, and it was absolutely incredible! I came to the *Beaver Hunt* section and saw two of the most beautiful women ever! The first was Nikki. She has such a beautiful face and a pussy that I would worship and lick for hours! I want to see a lot more of Nikki, and please, HUSTLER, show me more of Nikki's pussy. I'd also like to add that Nikki has a really nice set of tits!

Odette's ready to make an old man happy.

Now to the second lovely lady who caught my eyes. Her name was Lehcar. She has really nice pussy lips that I would lick and suck on endlessly!

It's really great to see that Lehcar wants to show off her tits and beautiful pussy because I never get tired of looking at them! Lehcar, I would love to be your sex slave! Nikki mentioned she's bi, so a layout with her and Lehcar would be absolutely incredible! I'd love to see Nikki going down on another girl's pussy! How about it, HUSTLER?

—Larry Weller Jr.
Narvon, Pennsylvania

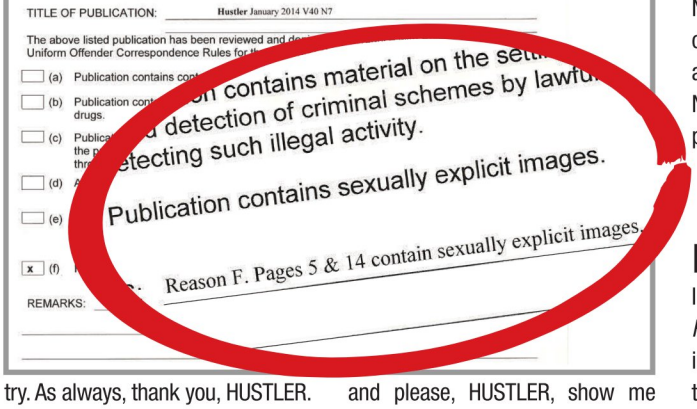
Lookers

I found the article *Spy Birds and Robot Drones* in your January '14 issue interesting, not to mention the always-excellent photography of beautiful, young ladies.

—Christopher Clement
Napa, California

WTF of the Month

According to the rejection slip we got from the Texas Department of Criminal Justice, our January '14 issue is "sexually explicit" only on pages 5 and 14!



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REMARKS:

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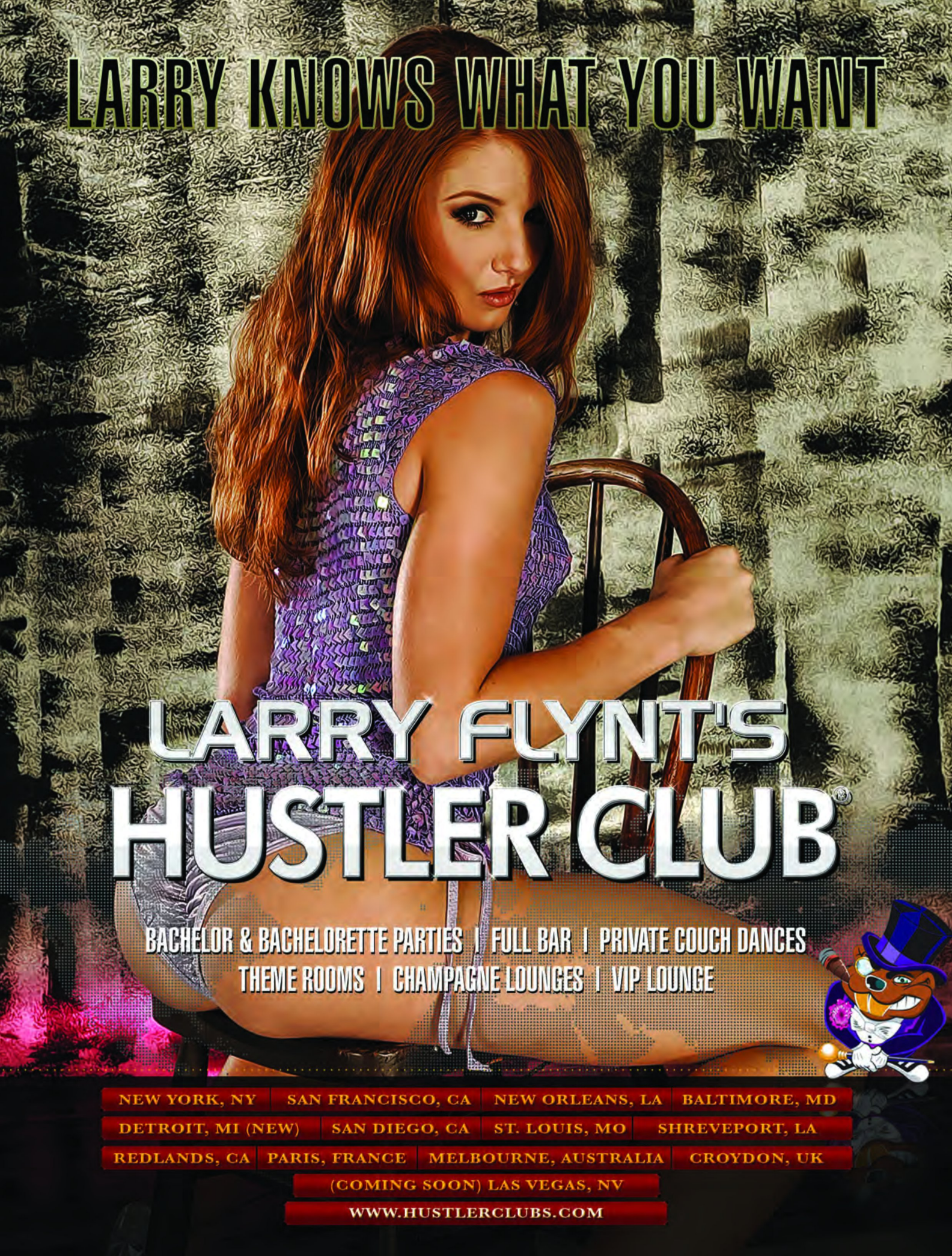
Publication contains sexually explicit images.
... Reason F. Pages 5 & 14 contain sexually explicit images.

Do you have a comment, suggestion or complaint? We want to hear it. Send your letters (typed or neatly handwritten) to HUSTLER *Feedback*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211, or email to *HUSTLER@LFP.com* and be sure to indicate your hometown. Please include a phone number if you want your letter considered for publication. All letters become the property of LFP Publishing Group, LLC and may be edited at our discretion.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VICTORIA LYNN

MORNING GLOW

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
DIGITALDESIRE.COM

Saturday sex is the best," says **Victoria**, who posed for us just 18 days after turning 18! "Other than walking my pup-pup, there's nowhere to be but bed. I wake my boyfriend up with slow kisses, then some lazy sex and pancakes and eggs. Yum!"

VICTORIA'S VITAL FACTS

HOMETOWN: **Virginia Beach, Virginia** | AGE: **18** | HEIGHT: **4-11**
MEASUREMENTS: **34-24-34** | FAVORITE POSITION: **Missionary**

FROM DADDY ISSUES TO DICK JOKES

MACIE GOES DEEP FOR A LAUGH

INTERVIEW BY
KYLE DOWLING

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
NICK FERRELL

THINK HOT WOMEN AREN'T FUNNY AND FUNNY WOMEN AREN'T HOT? APRIL MACIE WILL PROVE YOU WRONG.

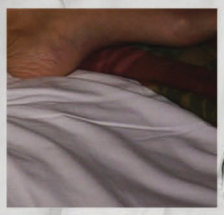
She's heard it from countless club owners who expected her to bomb: People won't laugh at a sexy woman telling jokes. They were always surprised when Macie killed instead. "It's an element of surprise I guess," she reasons. "Especially if they aren't familiar with your work. Most men are confused about how your tits can be funny."

Macie popped her cherry at The Comedy Store in Los Angeles, after years of "almost no work ethic" and a bad breakup that ended when she was slapped with a restraining order. "I had a really dysfunctional childhood and wasn't too qualified to do anything else," she admits.

After just three and a half years of working the clubs, she caught the eye of *Last Comic Standing* and became a finalist on Season Four. Fame was finally hers when Howard Stern named Macie his Funniest Hottest Comedienne.

HUSTLER: I know you were up early this morning for radio. That must be the worst part of a comedian's job.

APRIL MACIE: Absolutely! We're lazy people by nature. It's the worst, having to hurl your body up at 4:30 a.m. and paint your face for some local news show. I'm just laying here like a slob now. >>



What pushed you into comedy?

Simply put, I had no other life skills. (*Laughs.*) I wasn't qualified to do anything else. I worked for some weird pedophile clown, was a waitress at Hooters and then worked for William Morris. I'd show up late with coffee after their meetings had started. I think most comics had a pretty damaged upbringing. My mom would drink Keystone Light and paint pictures of Michael Bolton in the basement.

I've actually seen those paintings.

Disturbing, isn't it? But she was a hot chick, so when you're really attractive, people just kind of look over the fact that you're crazy.

My first gig was at The Comedy Store. I'm convinced there were homeless people performing. The store would leave out donuts late at night, so it was basically homeless people waiting for free donuts.

Did you jump right into it or was it a process?

I went through a really horrible breakup that made me redirect some energy, so it would take me like two months to write and get up onstage. It was something my dad and therapist always told me I should do. My therapist thought I treated therapy as a performance, and my dad thought it could work out for me. I have them to thank. **>>**

"MY MOM WOULD DRINK KEYSTONE LIGHT AND PAINT PICTURES OF MICHAEL BOLTON IN THE BASEMENT."

Did your upbringing have anything to do with you becoming a stand-up?

I think most good comics have terrible childhoods. You have to go through a lot of shit to deal with the rejection that comedy brings. My childhood kind of prepared me for it. My parents were really young when they had me, so my aunt—who was a paranoid schizophrenic—raised me. She thought there were people in the walls watching her; that's fun when you're a kid. (*Laughs.*) My grandmother lost her speech from a stroke when I was in second grade and only retained the words *good boy*, *sonofabitch*, *goddammit* and *cocksucker*. My aunt shot herself; my grandparents both died of AIDS. I was surrounded by so much stuff; the only way they were laughing was if I was generating it. It would alleviate the heaviness in the house. I also watched a lot of stand-up; that helped.

That's remarkable. You grew up around sadness and turned it into the opposite: a comedy career.

I think it's really cool, to be honest. I worked with Dave Attell one weekend right after Greg Giraldo passed away. To watch somebody in their own grieving be able to make an audience laugh, it was amazing. Your friend passes away and you're able to do that? I think that's something special.

Are you okay with talking about that "really horrible breakup" you mentioned?

Yes! I had some daddy issues in my early 20s. (*Laughs.*) I was engaged to this guy who was two years older than my parents. I came home to find two people fucking on our grand piano. I found out he was renting out our home as a porn-shoot location. I slapped him while he was on the toilet, and then he slapped me with a restraining order.

How did you like *Last Comic Standing*?

That show gave me a career. It's hard as a chick to make a career as a comedian. If you want to feature, it's harder because clubs don't want two women on a show. And the only way dudes bring you is if they're trying to bang you. *Last Comic Standing* gave me a career for touring.

You were Howard Stern's Funniest Hottest Comedienne, which can brand you as sexy before funny. Does that ever get to you?

I think most women will take any validation for being attractive. Yes, you always want to be known for being funny first, but I feel complimented. I've had club owners at the end of a show tell me they didn't think I'd be funny when they first saw me.

"I WAS ENGAGED TO THIS GUY WHO WAS TWO YEARS OLDER THAN MY PARENTS. I CAME HOME TO FIND TWO PEOPLE FUCKING ON OUR GRAND PIANO. I FOUND OUT HE WAS RENTING OUT OUR HOME AS A PORN-SHOOT LOCATION."

Stand-up is a weird life for a woman, being isolated on the road. Female comics put their careers before a relationship, and I think that's weird for some guys. Let's not forget there's a lot of unfunny dudes too. (*Laughs.*) I'll watch the guys get hit on after a set all the time. As a chick, it so rarely happens.

What kind of material do you prefer doing?

I've always talked about sex. I just don't understand how in America people are ashamed of sexuality. It contributes to a woman's low self-esteem, I think. God forbid you take control of your own sexuality. When violence is so prevalent, sex seems like nothing. It's funny it's considered dirty, but it's the one thing in the room that everybody does. So it doesn't make sense why people would qualify it as dirty.

Why did it take so long to talk about your family onstage?

Because it's so dark. I feel people don't quite believe it or buy it. It might be that I'm still attached to the sadness of it. An audience may pick up on that, so it doesn't turn funny. Richard Pryor was somehow able to make tragic things funny. I think that's the goal. Then you're free from the pain of it. I'm just starting to come to the point where I can sandwich it in the middle and then of course dive back into my sweet dick jokes.

You host the *Double Date* podcast with your boyfriend Shane Mauss. How did that happen?

Shane and I are just bored with each other. (*Laughs.*) Most couples are on a search for other couple friends to entertain themselves at dinner. That's kind of how the concept came around. It's super fun. It's a podcast-slash-application for couple-friends. A lot of podcasts are comedians interviewing comedians. We didn't want to do that.

You hosted the AVN Awards. How was that?

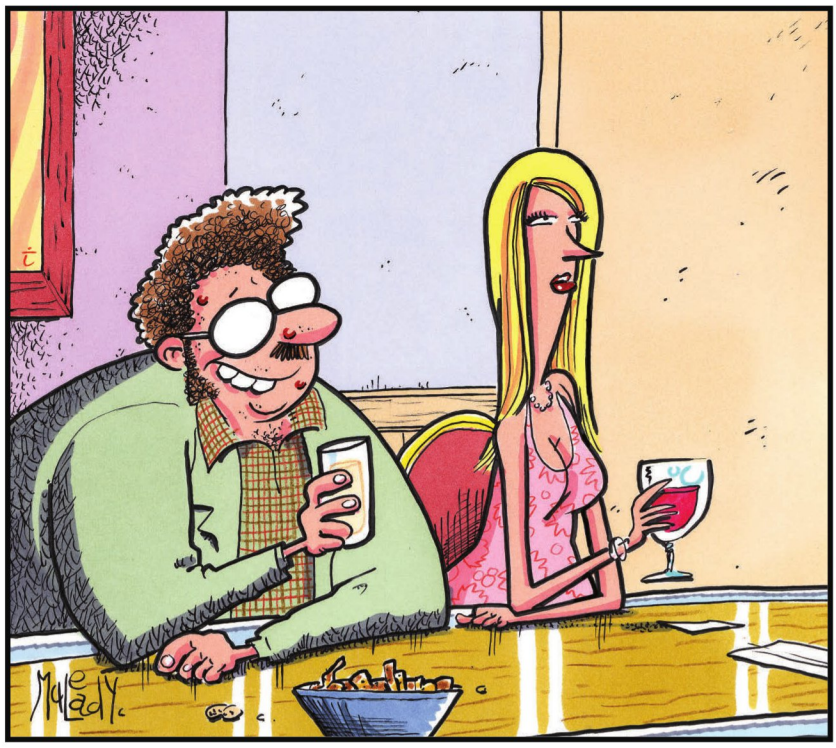
A lot of fun! I was nervous going in but figured my act is mostly sex, so I'd be okay. I pulled old jokes and tried to write a few about [porn] and the enormous penis size that terrifies me. (*Laughs.*) They were actually a really nice audience.

I think the only part that was tough for me was the venue. I'm used to a comedy-club-type setting; you can hear feedback. When you're in a giant theater, the sound sort of dissipates. But I had fun. I also think I wasn't threatening to [porn stars] because a lot of the dude comics who host probably talk about wanting to bang them.

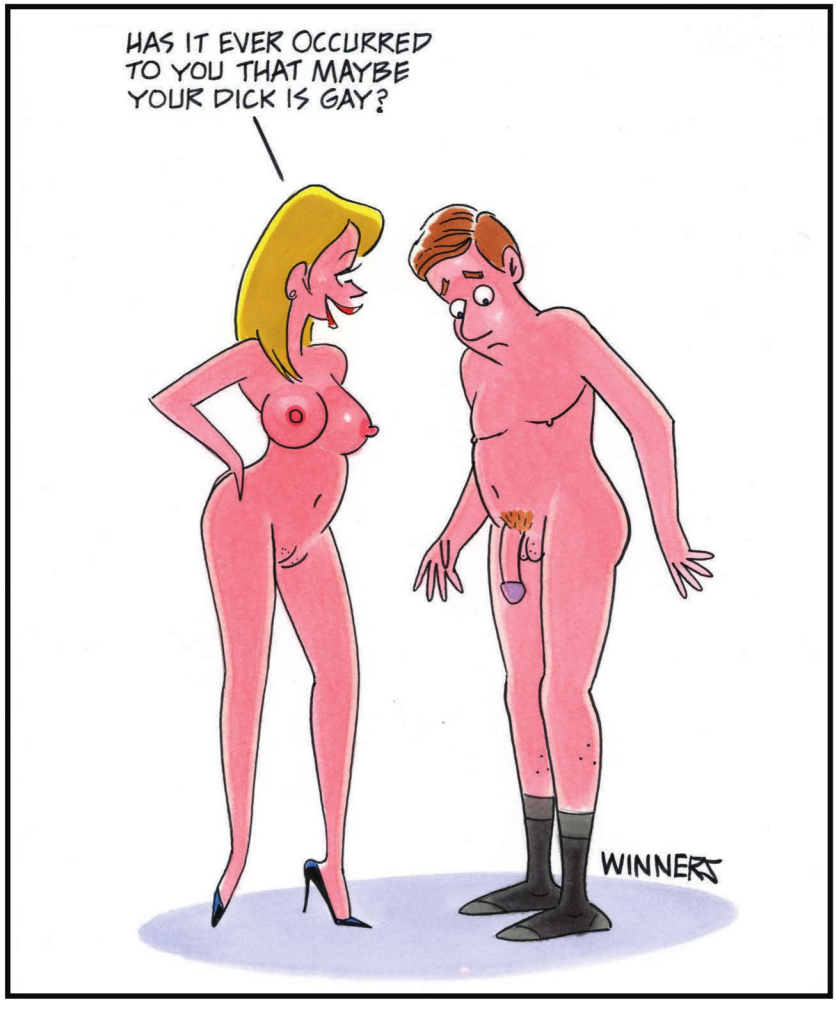
How do you follow that gig?

I want my family-based sitcom: *The Wonder Years* meets *The Larry Sanders Show*, sort of a white Oprah with flashbacks to her shitty childhood. I also wouldn't mind a talk show about sex. There's always a girl on TV talking about sex who hasn't fucked in years! H

New York-based Kyle Dowling has written for *Psychology Today*, *The Huffington Post*, *The Atlantic* and TheSmokingJacket.com, among others. Check out all of his material—both in print and online—at KDowling.com.



"Yes, I'd fuck you if you were the last man on Earth. Until then get lost, creep."



COURTNEY DILLON

COME CLOSER

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
DIGITALDESIRE.COM

You want to know a secret? Sometimes I'm trembling when I get naked in front of the camera," **Courtney** confides. "I get so scared. But I learned a trick. I imagine it's just me and the best friend I've known for years. He's always wanted me. I always knew it. But we never talked about it. We've always been soulmates. Maybe now we'll take it further."

COURTNEY'S VITAL FACTS

HOMETOWN: **Greeley, Colorado** | AGE: **22** | HEIGHT: **5-10**
MEASUREMENTS: **34-25-35** | FAVORITE POSITION: **Doggy**

JUGGALETTE JAMBOREE

STORY AND PHOTOGRAPHY BY NATE "IGOR" SMITH

"The Gathering of the Juggalos" is one of the wildest, weirdest events on the planet. Held in the Middle of Nowhere, Illinois, it's the music festival put on every year by "the most hated band in the world," Insane Clown Posse. The Gathering is five days of complete madness with no cops, no rules, every drug imaginable and a lot of nudity.

What the hell's a Juggalo? According to legend, the name stuck after the band's Violent J once called the crowd "Juggalos" during a 1994 performance of their anthem "The Juggla." Juggalos have been portrayed in the media as dirt-poor, drugged-up white trash in clown makeup. A female ICP devotee is called a Juggalette, and she is stereotypically fat, scantily clad and lacking any sort of sexual morality. In my years of photographing Juggalos and Juggalettes I have found that many of them are the exact opposite of what you'd expect, and some have become very good friends. But fortunately for us, plenty of Juggalettes live up to the hype.

The Gathering is flush with females wandering around topless or willing to flash you their boobs if you ask nicely. Some of them you might not actually want to see naked, but luckily there are enough attractive ones to make the effort pay off. >>

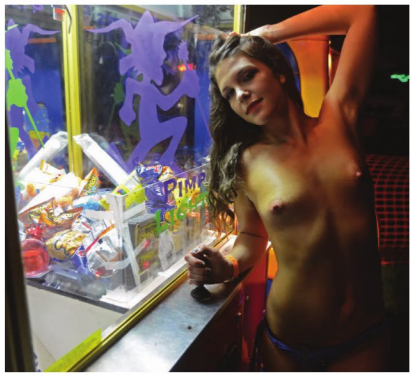
"Juggla, Juggla, fuck with the Juggla
You can't fuck with the Juggla!"

INSANE CLOWN POSSE, "THE JUGGLA"

The band Wolfpac has been a fan favorite at the Gathering of the Juggalos, not just for their violent, raunchy rap, but also for their gaggle of Juggalette strippers and porn chicks. They've put out a series of XXX flicks called *The Girls of Wolpac*, each featuring several hot Juggalettes. The guys in the band introduced me to a few, and I got to work taking photos of their fleshy backstage barbecues.

There's a ton of crazy stuff going on at the Gathering, like Slick Chix oil wrestling and several wet T-shirt contests. These things tend to devolve into near orgies of fully naked females going at each other in front of crowds of cheering Juggalos. Plenty of opportunities to find willing bodies interested in posing for HUSTLER.

I introduced myself to a few of the ladies I saw running around topless, including a Juggalette working at Titty Burger. >>



"Finally happened,
the wicked clown has come to your town
And he's got your daughter by the hand."

ICP "THE JUGGLA"

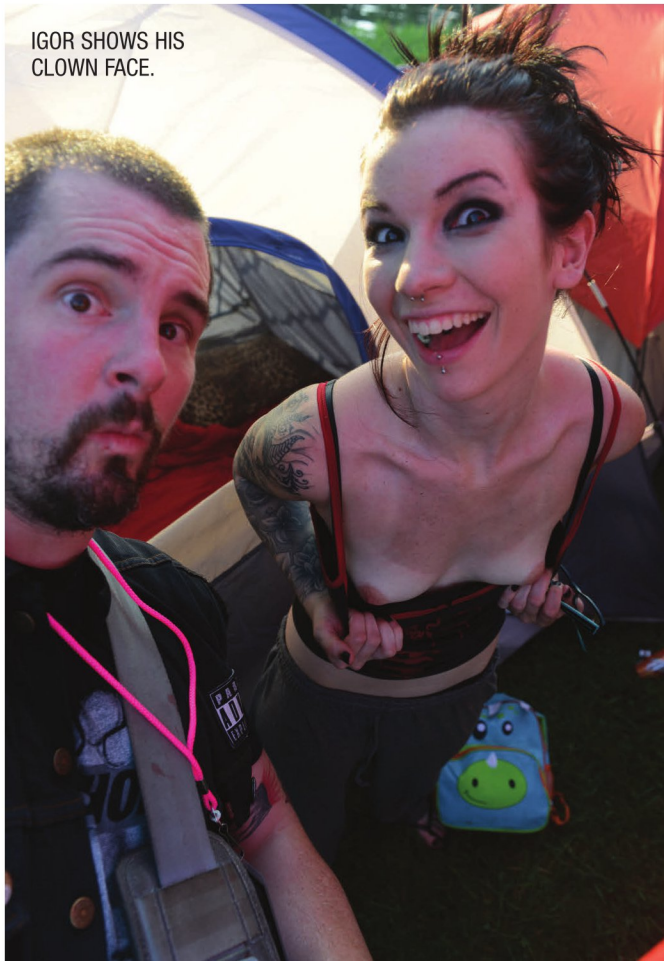
"Oh, my God, I feel so ashamed of myself!
When can you do it again?"

"Smokin' on a phat one,
we come to have fun,
I got my dick in your hotdog bun."
ICP "JUGGALO ISLAND"

That was a makeshift restaurant where delicious burgers were on sale for $8—or free for chicks who showed them their titties. I ran into a butt-naked Pepper Kester, one of the hottest of the Juggalettes and a girl-on-girl hardcore star who lives in Los Angeles. I even met a fully tattooed Juggalette named Gypsy, who, it turned out, was actually camping with my good friend's girlfriend. Small, dirty world.

The Gathering of the Juggalos is the craziest music festival in the United States, hands down. I went, I saw, I took the kind of pictures only HUSTLER could print. Much Clown Love, Motherfuckers! H

"Please be patient. Five more shots and I am all over you!"



IGOR SHOWS HIS CLOWN FACE.

"Well, how about that—I'm not pregnant!"

BROOKLYN CHASE

WARMING UP

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
STUDIOXPHOTOS.COM

I always wanted to be a model. But as I got older and started enjoying sex more and more, adult modeling became a natural choice. All of my most memorable experiences have been on camera: my first time having sex with a girl, my first threesome, first group. And I've *loved* every one. The only thing I don't love is my commute to L.A. If I could have one superpower, I would teleport—snap my fingers and be where I need to go!"

BROOKLYN'S VITAL FACTS

HOMETOWN: **San Diego, California** | AGE: **28** | HEIGHT: **5-3**
MEASUREMENTS: **35-25-37** | FAVORITE POSITION: **Doggy All the Way!**
TWITTER: **@Brooklyn_Chase**

"He looks so natural. He never did pass up an opportunity to show off his giant cock."

hat With
REAL GIRLS
NOW in your area
y waste time when we've already
ected these great girls for you?
HUSTLER
PERSONALS
WE'VE FOUND THE GIRLS FOR YOU
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ome inside and get PERSONAL
TART CHATTING NOW

NATALIE HEART

WILD SIDE

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
DIGITALDESIRE.COM

Honestly, the fantasies I have are all about fucking in public, where you know you might get caught or get in trouble. Sex is just better with an audience. Like the night I took a guy home and my roommates peeked through the door to watch. That was pretty hot!"

NATALIE'S VITAL FACTS

HOMETOWN: **Henderson, Kentucky** | AGE: **20** | HEIGHT: **5-7**
MEASUREMENTS: **34-25-34** | FAVORITE POSITION: **I Can't Pick Just One**
TWITTER: **@NatalieHeartXXX**

Watch me!
xoxo,
Natalie

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HONEY
APRIL 2014
CALL ME AT 1-800-HUSTLER
(1-800-487-8537)
CALLER MUST BE 18 YEARS OLD OR OVER.
COST $3.99/MINUTE.

After a lengthy operation, John Boehner awoke in a hospital bed. "Why are the curtains closed?" he asked the nurse. "Is it night?"

"There's a fire across the street," the nurse answered. "We didn't want you waking up and thinking the operation was unsuccessful."

Beth and Chuck were having dinner one evening when Chuck took his wife's hand and said, "Soon we will be married 35 years, and there's something I have to know. Have you ever been unfaithful to me?"

Beth replied, "I have to be honest, dear. I've been unfaithful three times but always for a good reason."

Hurt by his wife's confession, Chuck groaned, "I never suspected. Can you tell me what you mean by 'a good reason'?"

Beth explained, "The very first time was shortly after our wedding, and we were about to lose our house because we couldn't pay the mortgage. I went to see the banker, and the next day he notified you that the loan would be extended."

Chuck recalled the visit to the banker. "I can forgive you for that. You saved our home. But what about the second time?"

"Do you remember when we didn't have the money to pay for your bypass operation?" Beth continued. "Well, I went to see the doctor, and if you recall, he performed the surgery at no charge."

"You did it to save my life," Chuck acknowledged, "so of course I forgive you. Now tell me about the third time."

"All right," Beth sighed. "Do you remember when you ran for president of the golf club, and you needed 73 more votes?"

As two cannibals were eating dinner, one said, "Your wife sure makes a great stew."

"I know," agreed the other. "But I'm still gonna miss her."

Mr. Jones complained to his urologist that he couldn't get an erection and make love to his wife. "Bring her with you tomorrow," the doctor advised. "I'll see what I can do."

The following day the man returned with his wife. "I'd like you to take off your clothes, Mrs. Jones," the doctor instructed. "Now turn around. Lie down, please. Uh-huh. I see. Okay, you may put your clothes back on."

Finally, the urologist took Mr. Jones aside. "You're in perfect health," he stated. "Your wife didn't give me a boner either."

Question: How do you spot a blind man at a nudist beach?

Answer: It's not hard.

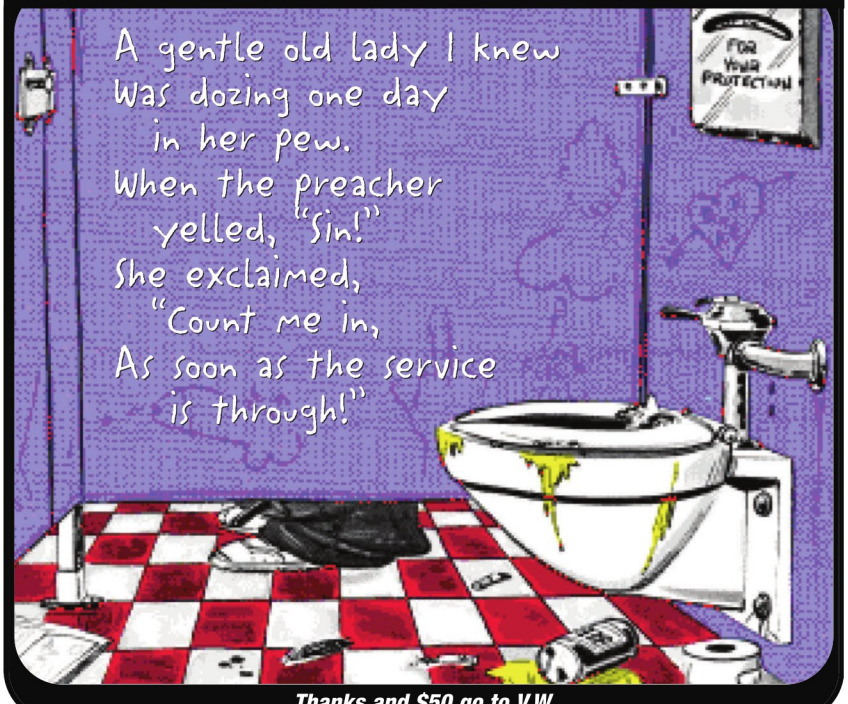
Stan opened his front door to find his mother-in-law sobbing on the porch with a suitcase in her hand. "Frank and I had a terrible fight!" she bawled. "Can I stay here for a few days?"

"Sure you can," Stan replied. "Just don't try to come inside."

Before 12 seminary students could be ordained as priests, they had to pass one final test. They were told to line up naked in the chapel, where a stripper would dance for them. A bell was tied around each man's dick, and they were informed that anyone whose bell rang would not be ordained since he had not yet embraced spiritual purity.

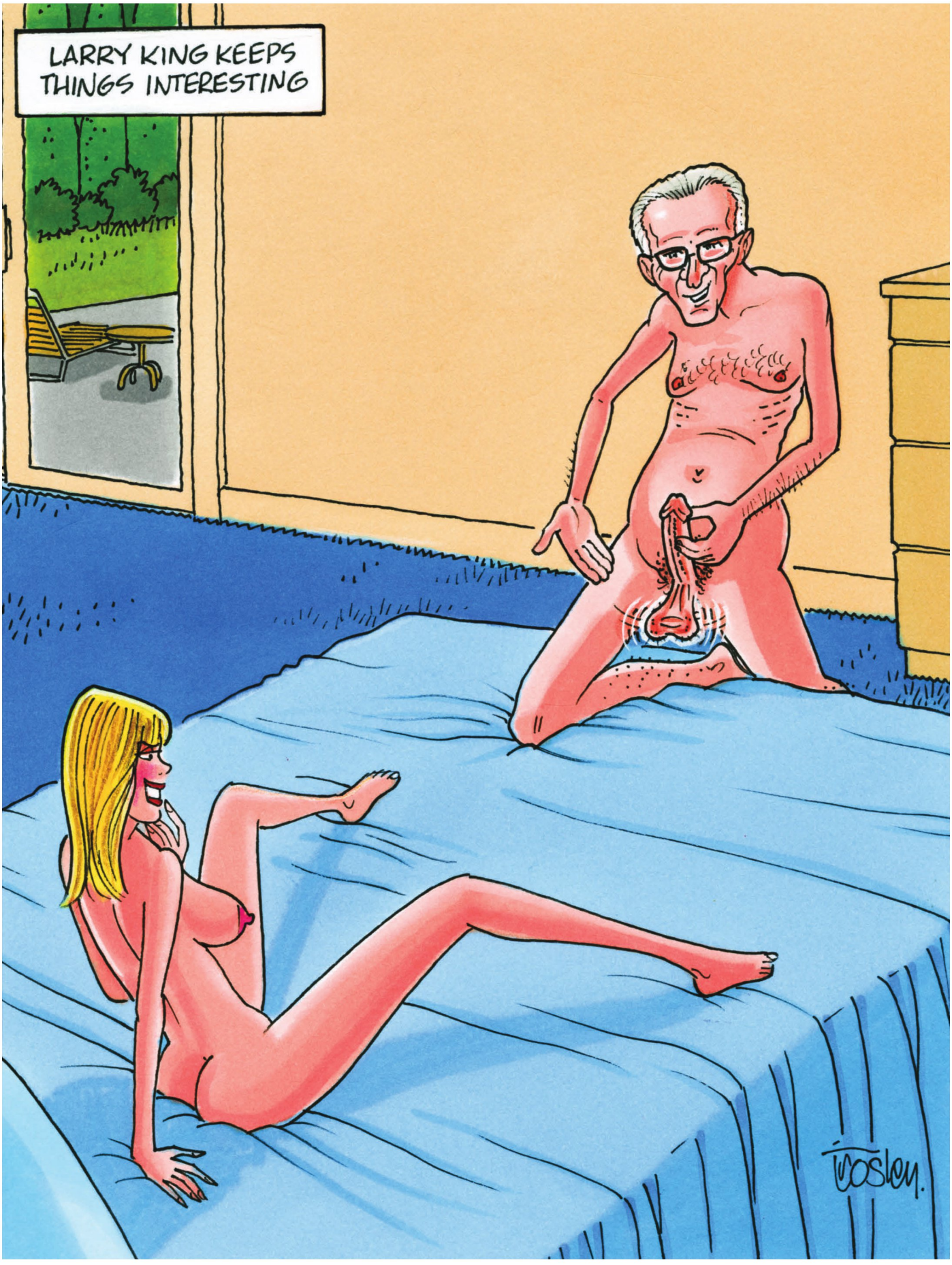
The stripper danced before the first wannabe priest with no reaction, so she proceeded down the line. Still no response, until she reached the final candidate. As she shimmied before him, his bell rang so loudly, it fell off and clattered to the floor. Embarrassed, he bent over to pick it up, and 11 other bells began to ring.

GRAFFILTHY



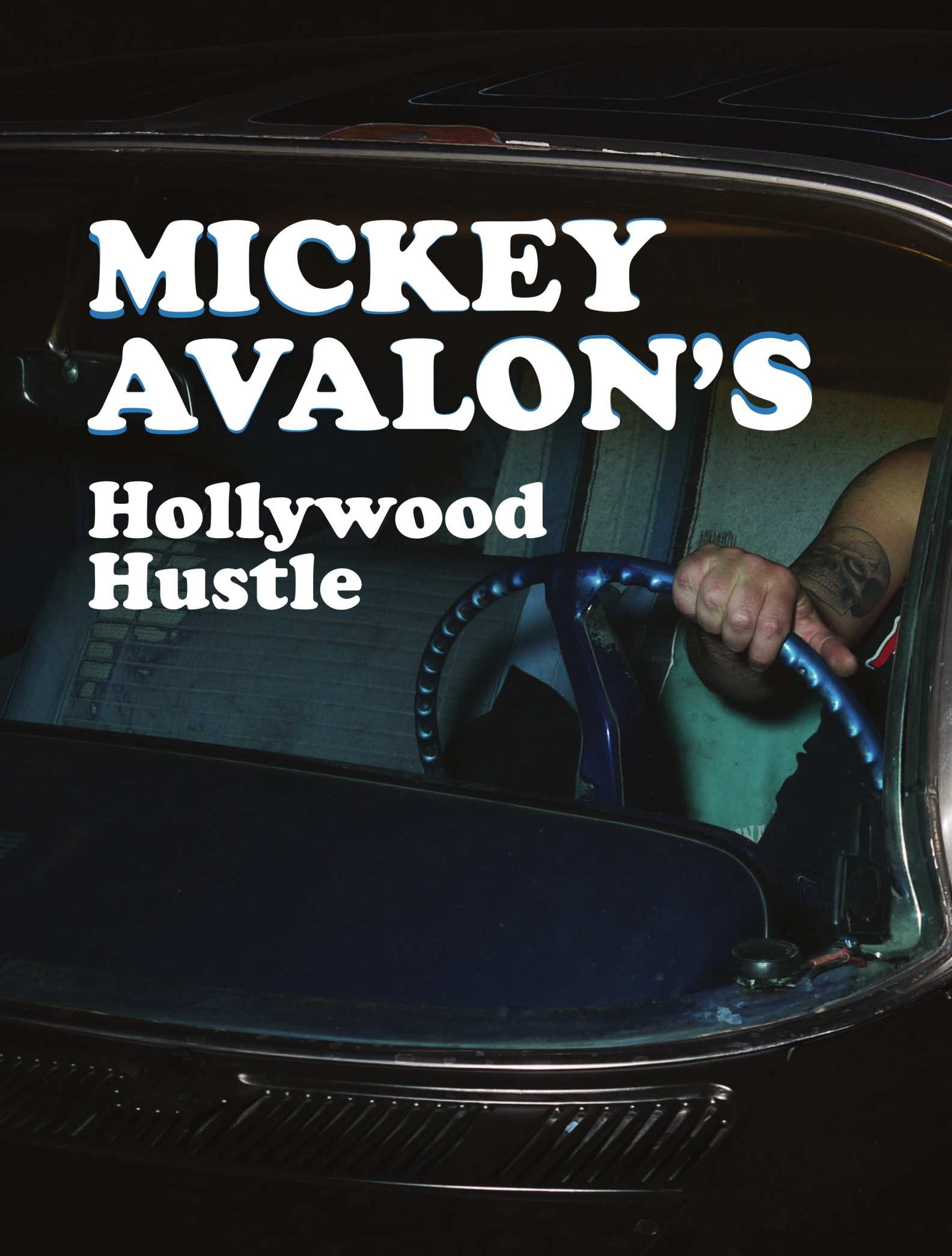
Thanks and $50 go to V.W.

HUSTLER Humor jokes are provided by our readers. If you've heard a gut-buster lately, or have a "poem" befitting a bathroom wall, why not send it our way? Submit your witty stuff to HUSTLER Joke Page, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211; or by email to *HUSTLER@LFP.com.* If your item appears here, we'll send you a check for $50. Sorry, we cannot return submissions.



"I'll bet you've never had someone find your G spot with his testicles."

HOOK UP
TONIGHT
With
HOT GIRLS
AND THE SEXIEST
PORNSTARS!
THEY'RE WAITING
INSIDE NOW!
Come inside and see what
you can get them to do!
These girls are Ready & Willing
to do ANYTHING FOR YOU!
We've collected 1000's of
beautiful girls who are waiting
show you a good time!
Start a Chat RIGHT NOW


MICKEY
AVALON'S
Hollywood
Hustle

By LANA SIAS
Photography by SHAMELESS
Concert coverage by Jorandy Chavez

"WHAT DO YOU SAY WHEN YOU'RE TOO FUCKED UP? WHAT'S YOUR GIRLFRIEND SAY WHEN I SMACK THAT BUTT? WHAT DO YOU SAY WHEN YOU RUN OUTTA DRUGS? BABY WHAT YOU SAY WHEN YOU BUST A NUT?"

IF YOU'VE SEEN *THE HANGOVER* (AND WHO HASN'T?) YOU'VE HEARD THAT RAP. MICKEY AVALON WRITES LIKE HE LIVES. HE'S A TRUE HUSTLER. HE DID WHAT HE HAD TO DO TO SURVIVE; HE SAW OPPORTUNITY AND SEIZED IT; HE TURNED RAW STREET SMARTS INTO TALENT HE COULD SELL. THE TITLE OF HIS NEW EP SUMS UP HIS CREDO:

i get even.

SLAYER

"I'm just me and I do what I do and luckily it worked out."

That is the truth of Mickey Avalon. He makes rap music. He does it because it's his job; he's a professional. It's serious business.

We're talking to each other on cellphones in L.A. The connection is surprisingly clear.

"I had never been given any other opportunities in my life that awesome. I can't imagine fucking that up based on my own mistakes." He does it to support his family, pay child support, travel the world. And as he says, "It's fun."

Mickey grew up on country. At 11 he got into rap. Def Jam, Beastie Boys, Slick Rick, Run DMC, Dana Dane, Kool Moe Dee and as he got older Too $hort, NWA and Eazy-E, these were the rappers he loved. "Rap music was the first music I discovered for myself."

His first cassette was a Too $hort tape he stole. He always looked for the ones with the parental-warning labels. They were more cool indicator than deterrent.

Mickey admits he can't freestyle, but he writes in his head. He's always rapped in his head. So it was a shock to him the first time someone heard him and thought he was good. That was a fluke.

He was in a studio working on Web design, which he admits he wasn't very good at. No one was working the mic, so he hopped on and played with some of his lyrics. The guys in the room were impressed.

They asked him to do some recording. He asked for $1,500 for three months, figuring he would be getting over. The bridge would probably be burned by the time anything got done. He laughs at himself. "I literally thought I had the biggest come-up of all time. I was like, this is it. I've arrived."

Instead of making a demo, he made a full record. Interscope bought the debut, *Mickey Avalon*, for $500,000 and signed him.

But the good snowballed into the bad. There were delays with the release of his second album, there was a falling out with his manager, and bad blood was flowing amidst provenly false accusations of stealing. It wasn't what it should have been.

"It looks like I'm hard to get along with, but I'm really not that guy."

I'M POSSESSED BY DOPENESS

It gets worse. Dr. Dre wanted to remix "My Dick," but Mickey was never told, and someone said no on his behalf. Once he was alerted to the fact, he was devastated. He told his manager, "Even if the song is perfect, think about how many more people are going to hear it after they hear Dr. Dre's version and they want to hear the other one." Opportunity squandered.

He's now with Regime Management, owned by Suburban Noize. His third album is out. He keeps it simple: "Now I'm just happy if I can put out a record and go on the road. Whatever my sound is is what I try to do."

"While the two ladies mildly bicker, it comes out that Fuck Me In the Ass is on her period, hence the request to fuck her in her ass. It's turning into Groupies Gone Wrong."

What about other music?

"I like country music now, for the most part." He drops classic names: Waylon Jennings, Merle Haggard, Alison Krauss, Steve Earle. "George Jones has the voice of an angel." And he listens to Pandora. "Gillian Welch, all the shit that comes on her channel is shit I like. The women's voices are pretty, and the guys are just themselves."

On top of everything, he's a painter. "I've painted my whole life. That's my real dream."

German expressionism drives him, Lucian Freud being his favorite. He also name-checks Egon Schiele, Jenny Saville, Marlene Dumas, Oskar Kokoschka. His friend David Choe (most famous for the Facebook mural) is his top pick now. He's also the little brother of a longtime buddy. It's an intimacy that goes beyond celebrity.

LET ME SEE YOU DO THE JANE FONDA

Women love Mickey. His music brings a sea of them to his shows. When other rappers ask how he does it, he answers honestly, "Well, you could start by fucking stop screaming and scaring everyone away by whatever the fuck you're fucking talking about. That could be a start. The rawr, rawr, rawr, fucking macho fucking swag—no one wants to hear that shit."

Is performing sexual?

Yes, but, "I'm not aroused when I play. You could be, and I have to pretend like I am and it's definitely focused towards females, but that region of my body is probably dead."

On this tour he has three professional dancers. An uptick from the times he would lift weights onstage and slap around his junkie girlfriend. "She loved it, but it was kind of disturbing to watch."

He admits a lot of his own music started as jokes. Irony. Making fun of the ridiculous nature of L.A. life. "'So Rich, So Pretty' is not a nice song." And yet women come up to him and tell him he wrote it about them.

"I'm not in love with a fucking bulimic chick with fake tits. That ain't what I want."

The song stems from a time when Simon Rex, a friend, would take him to Hollywood clubs and they would get everything for free. He's quick to say that though he clowns the scene, he can't completely knock it because he was indeed there and enjoying it. "I can't make fun of a party that I'm fucking at because I'm there."

'TIL I HIT ROCK BOTTOM

Mickey's best groupie story is a tale of two women. One says to him, "You're going to fuck me in the ass tonight." Mickey's response: "All right." No surprises there. Then a second woman, slightly better looking and undeterred by the prior woman, decides to join them in his room.

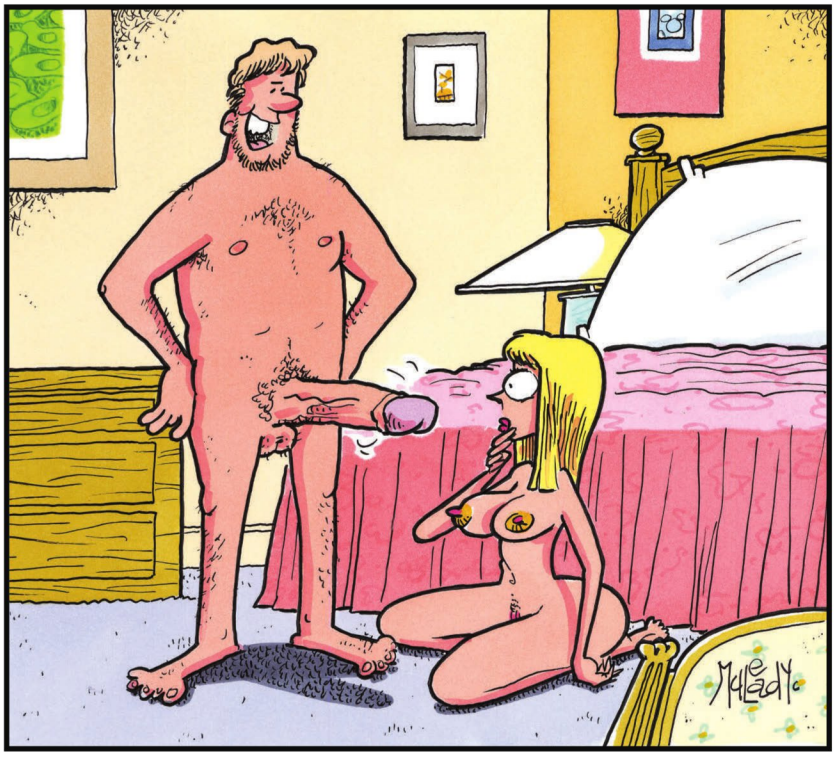
Fuck Me In the Ass takes her clothes off and sits on his couch. She's a retro-bush revelation, to which the hotter girl shouts, "Did you not get the memo?!" While the two ladies mildly bicker, it comes out that Fuck Me In the Ass is on her period, hence the request to fuck her in her ass. Says Mickey, "It's turning into Groupies Gone Wrong."

He texts his DJ to get them out. "One won't shut up and the other is bleeding on my couch." The night is off.

Mickey carefully clarifies: "I don't mind having sex with a girl who's on her period, but that's going to be my girlfriend." He elaborates: "I'll go down on a girl on her period, but again, that's going to be my girlfriend."

Groupies aside, his personal take is that the hunt is most of the fun. "I don't really want someone to be with me because they think I'm something. I wouldn't want to hunt with a laser beam and a scope. When I want something, I work and I get it. And there's nothing I ever wanted that I haven't got." >>

"You're pretty good at multiplying loaves of bread and fish for the masses. How are you with pussy?"



"Okay, I've manned up. It's time for you to open your mouth and woman up!"

"It's like problem-solving. If you need something, you need to figure out what you've got. I wanted drugs. The thought was: What do I have that I can sell? You got you. That's all you got."

In the middle of the interview he stops talking. Then: "Hold on. My weed dealer's here." I seize the moment to ask him about his stint in AA and his history of addiction.

"The worse something is, the more poison the solution is." For him, the solution was heroin. Now the smack days are done. He's grateful for AA and being clean, but teetotaling is not for him. "Right now I'm happy with weed and alcohol."

He's had times when he wanted, even courted, death. Not anymore. "Dying is not the problem; that's the easy part."

MY DICK COST A LATE NIGHT FEE

Mickey is fully honest about things—like any real hustler. When I ask him about how he financed his habit, I get the truth. "It's like problem-solving. If you need something, you need to figure out what you've got. I wanted drugs. The thought was: What do I have that I can sell? You got you. That's all you got."

It was a part of his personality. It also became a character he could use to sell his music. But rap is a very homophobic world. So while he used it, he knew there would be questions.

"I never really wanted to not say anything because A, that makes you look more guilty and B, let people do what they want. I don't give a shit. I've never been fucked in the ass or sucked anyone's dick or anything. If some dude's sucking me, I'm not gay. He's gay. I like chicks. There's nothing about cock and balls that do it for me."

He elaborates and laughs at himself, "And nothing in my ass. I wouldn't mind a girl sticking a finger in my ass if it felt good, but it fucking feels like I'm taking a shit, not because I don't want to be gay, because I don't like the way it feels. I'm sure there's a way to make it feel good. I haven't learned that."

GRAB A BAT, PUNK

Mickey's original idea going into the trade was to rob people who deserved it. This was his rationale: The men who paid him were taking advantage of young men in a position of weakness. He wanted to turn them into monsters.

Like all great ideas, it started in jail. He met a male prostitute who was also an addict. When they got out, the guy needed a place to stay. Being a big-hearted individual, Mickey offered up his own place. That day the guy goes out and comes back less than two hours later with a big bag of candy. When Mickey tells the story, people always ask him, "'Bag of candy. Is that a drug?' No. Real candy. I like candy a lot. He's come back with candy and a ton of dope."

Mickey was enthralled. He watched the guy work. The guy would get in a car. Come back with cash. Mickey could clearly see the benefits of this arrangement.

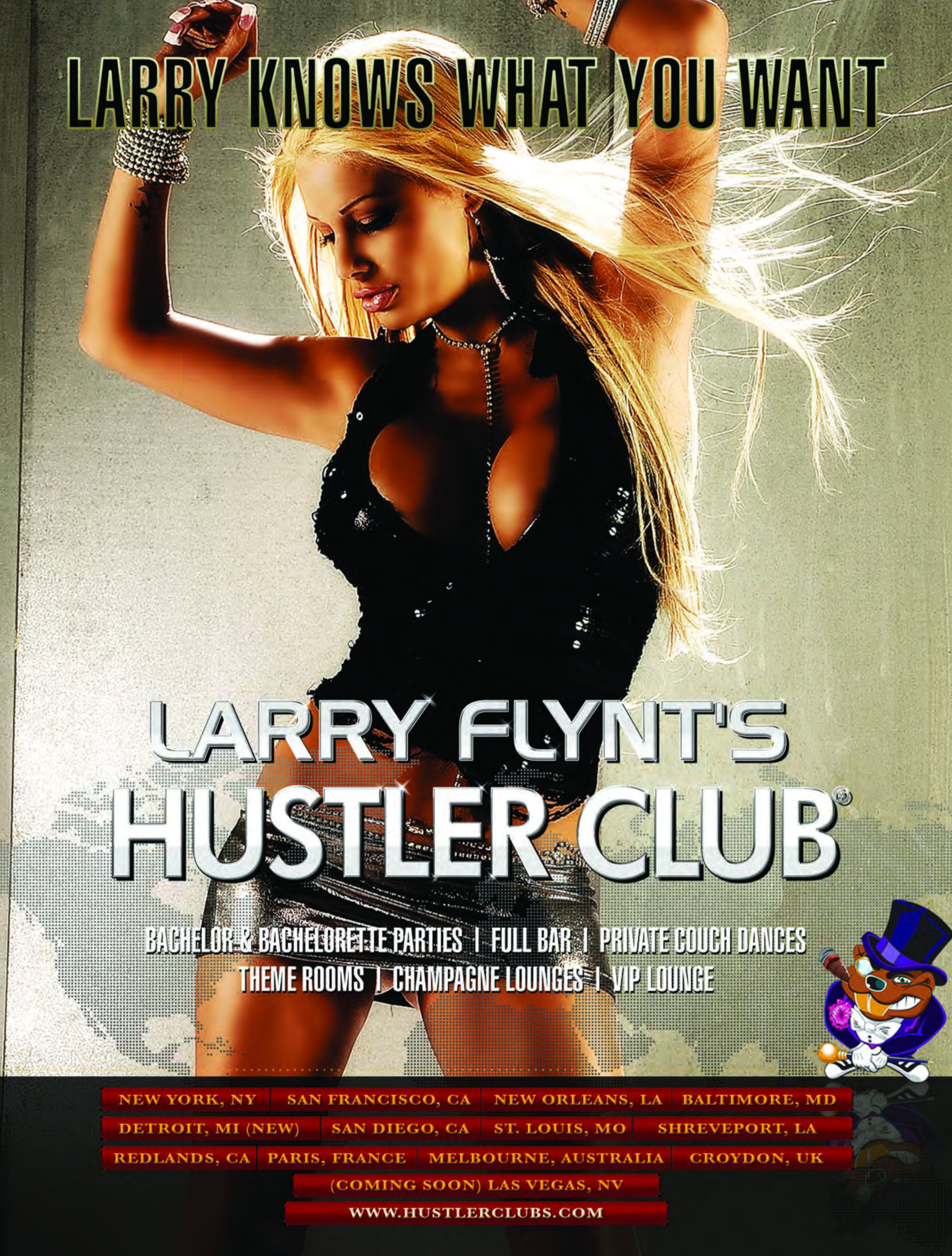
"I thought, *I could do that, but I'm going to rob these fools.*" Once he got their pants around their ankles, he pulled out a knife, robbed them and ran. But the more fucked up he got, the weaker he got.

"Honestly, 80% to 75% that scenario—and then compromising shit that I didn't want to do—is letting a man blow you and you get paid. It worked. I saw the other guys out there, and if I were a john, I would've picked me up. There were some beasts out there. I was 21, but probably looked 17."

Mickey reminds me of one of my favorite hustlers growing up. In every '80s teenage girl's bad-boy bedroom fantasy was the barely shirted, juvenile delinquent Matt Dillon.

I tell him. He confesses his admiration for Dillon and Kelly, the motorcycle kid from *The Bad News Bears*. "That's who I looked up to; those two guys. That's who I wanted to be." He also mentions the movie's little big-mouthed punk, Tanner, who fights and loses to an entire seventh grade. "It's like that. You want to keep your mouth shut because you know you're going to get beat up, but it's much easier to just say it and get beat up than to go home and not have said it." H

Check **MickeyAvalon.com** for info, music and tour dates.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LOCATION Dallas, Texas **AGE** 27 **HEIGHT** 5-4
PROFILES Twitter: @Jus_Shawnee; @UHMagazine; Facebook.com/ShawneeMitchell

BY ERICKA RACHELLE MENDOZA

Shawnee has come a long way since leaving far-flung Enid, Oklahoma—not only because she headed to the brighter lights of Dallas. Two years ago she launched her very own online men's publication, *Urban Harem Magazine* aka *UHM*. Besides offering plenty of eye candy, it covers health, music, sports, comedy and men's fashion. "I came up with the idea while I was traveling around the world modeling," Shawnee tells us. And the readers can actually talk to the boss by Twitter or email [S.Mitchell@UHMagOnline.com].

Being a model, magazine mogul and networking buff keeps the looker busy around the clock, but she still finds time for her favorite stress reliever. "I love a man who can pick me up and toss me around during hot, steamy sex," Shawnee reveals. "And I'm guilty for loving oral sex. I can go hours without penetration. As long as a guy's using his tongue just right, I'm completely satisfied!" H

SYDNEY LEATHERS: WEINER & ME

VIVID ENTERTAINMENT. DIRECTOR: KIMBERLY KANE. STARRING: SYDNEY LEATHERS, XANDER CORVUS, EVAN STONE & TOMMY PISTOL.

What's more awkward than a U.S. representative named Weiner obsessively sexting pictures of his dong to random chicks? This porn parody! Sydney Leathers, the piece of tail at the center of Weinergate, is definitely an amateur when it comes to hardcore performing. We suspect the real porn talent that should have come out of the scandal is Weiner, not her. That crazy Brooklyn bastard would have ripped up some ass! But Sydney's got an authentic charm—especially when she's catching a load of cum on her natural babyfat titties. She launches this sleazefest (clearly just a springboard to her own political aspirations) by leading a hilariously bad audition for the new Carlos Danger (Weiner's actual sexting name). She chooses Xander Corvus (the least-inspired choice), then fucks his brains out. It's a lean plot with just two twat scenes, but that's more than Weiner ever got. He claims he never even banged the tail he deep-sixed his career for. Imagine how he feels watching her get pounded by a dude making fun of him! When your name is Weiner, the humiliation just never ends. Even Leathers laughs at him as she dishes out the whole Weinergate debacle. "Sorry," she says, "except I'm not!" No shit, honey. You went from phone-sex nobody to national celeb faster than a Congressional cum blast. Congratulations. Now learn to scream like a slaughtered pig if you want to stay in this business!

—Mark Johnson

JAYDEN & REMY HART

BNF #41: THE INTERRACIAL EDITION

VIVID ENTERTAINMENT. DIRECTOR: B. SKOW. STARRING: JAYDEN & REMY HART, ALLANAH LI, CANDY MARTINEZ, MULAN, SHAILA BLUFF, ANTHONY ROSANO, JOHNNY SINS, BARRY SCOTT & MR. PETE.

Why did we pick *#41* to finally start reviewing this line of fresh-twat titillators? Because it's the Inter-fucking-racial Edition! It gets those of us who like to swirl with our swizzle sticks as hard as a lead pipe, and it annoys the shit out of all you racists and boring uniracial Mormons out there. Double win! *BNF* stands for *Brand New Faces*, and the hype says these pusses have never been slurpy in front of a camera before. Must be true, they sign a certificate! Filipina Allanah Li busts out her set of supreme susus and lays down a mesmerizing, undulating fuck session that's as good as—or better than—any seasoned screen scorcher. And she swallows. Is there anything more beautiful than the sweet little gulp of a girl's throat? But the golden scene for our money is the debut of real-life choco sisters Jayden and Remy Hart. It's always fun to see siblings try to pull off legal tandem fuck scenes. They can juggle the same cock, just not touch each other in the wrong places. It's like Obscenity-Law Twister! The Hart girls know how to play it, always looking like the dude's only there to keep them from chowing down at the incest buffet. When Remy's pussy gets creamed, Jayden dives in to lap up the last dick drops. For you guys who prefer the near-white nookie, the three ethno-bunnies who round out the disc are all worth a pop or two. And Shaila Bluff climaxes the flick by taking it up her tight island-girl ass. We've said it before: Fuck a chick of another color and you'll never be racist again—at least not against the hot ones. ***—M.J.***

SHAILA BLUFF

ALLANAH LI

CANDY MARTINEZ

QUACK SQUACK

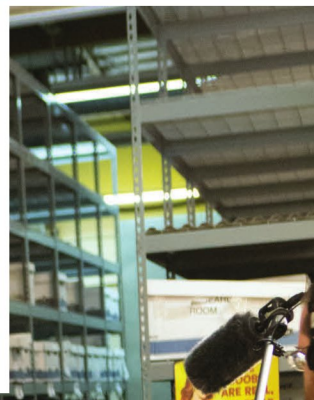
OUR MAN BEHIND THE SCENES HARASSES THE STARS OF *THIS AIN'T DUCK DYNASTY XXX.*

BY ALEX RENTON

MAHINA ZALTANA

You're playing Miss Kay Robertson for this movie. Have you seen the actual show?
No.
You didn't do any research?
I did some research! Um, I know that she cooks.
Do you like to cook?
Yes, I like to cook!
Have you ever had any sexy encounters in the kitchen?
Yes!
Like what?
Like the scene I'm going to do involves a blowjob in a kitchen.
What are you going to be doing in the scene?
I'm going to be giving my husband a blowjob in the kitchen!
And you've done that before or did you have to do research?
Yes.
How was that? Did you get any food involved? A cucumber? A banana?
No, I didn't get any food involved that time. Maybe in the future.
Maybe some chocolate syrup, honey or something like that. You know, a *9½ Weeks* type of situation.
Mmm, chocolate syrup. Actually, at the time we were making ground beef patties, so I don't think it'd be a sexy blowjob.
That's pretty sexy, get some ground beef patties, get some special sauce in there. On the street the kids call it "doing a Big Mac."
Doing a Big Mac. Really?
It's some new stuff. So you're working with Evan Stone in the scene. Are you excited?
Yes, I've never worked with him before. I've heard he has a really long cock to shove down my throat. I'm excited for that.
Do you watch any reality shows?
I don't really watch any. I'm trying to think. I like watching classic movies, grindhouse or B movies, stuff like that. I don't have cable.
Was there ever a reality show you watched?
Um, what was that MTV one where they were all living together?
***The Real World*?**
Yeah!
Would you want to do a porno version of it?
Of *The Real World*? Shiiit! Sounds like a plan. There'd have to be some kind of aggression in there. They're always bickering, right?
I'm sure you could find a way to break the tension.

MAHINA ZALTANA



CHRISTIE STEVENS

CHRISTIE STEVENS

You're playing Jessica Robertson. Have you watched the show?
I watched a couple of episodes last night.
Just to do some hardcore research?
Yes, get an idea, yeah.
Are you happy with the character you're playing? Is it good casting?
I love my character. I have one line in the whole movie and then I get to fuck!
You know how they do the duck calls? Can you do that?
I've never done a duck call!
You go like this. (*At this point I do a pretty awesome duck call with my mouth and hand.*)
That's pretty good.
Want to try it?
No, I'm okay.
(*Still making duck calls.*) Are you sure?
If you had a real one, I would blow it.
Would you try to do a duck call on a penis if a guy asked for it?
Of course. I just did!
Really? Did it make the noise?
No, dang it!
You know it works if some ducks show up while you're fucking.
Right. Exactly!
The guys in this movie are kind of blue-collar rednecks. Is that your type?
I like all kinds of guys.
Even a guy with a big beard?
Well, I'm attracted to every type of guy. Of course. >>

Right. So what do you think of the long beard that the actors have to use? Is that something—
It's fantastic!
How does it feel when they go down on you?
It tickles a little bit.
Is it good tickling? Because, you know, there are degrees.
Yes, it's great tickling!
So you like the beard.
Yes, but I also like it without the beard.
Oh, so you're very eclectic.
I like variety.
The spice of life. Have you ever eaten duck?
No! No, I like looking at ducks.
You feed them bread and stuff, but you've never eaten one?
I can't bring myself to do it.
Would you do duck porn?
With a duck? I'm not into bestiality.
What if it was a guy in a duck costume? Like a Donald Duck porn parody?
Probably not. It would have to be for a very special director or a very special person. It takes motivation to get me to do that.
So I shouldn't write my *DuckTales* porn parody?
No. H

CHRISTIE STEVENS

MIKKI LYNN

PRESLEY HART

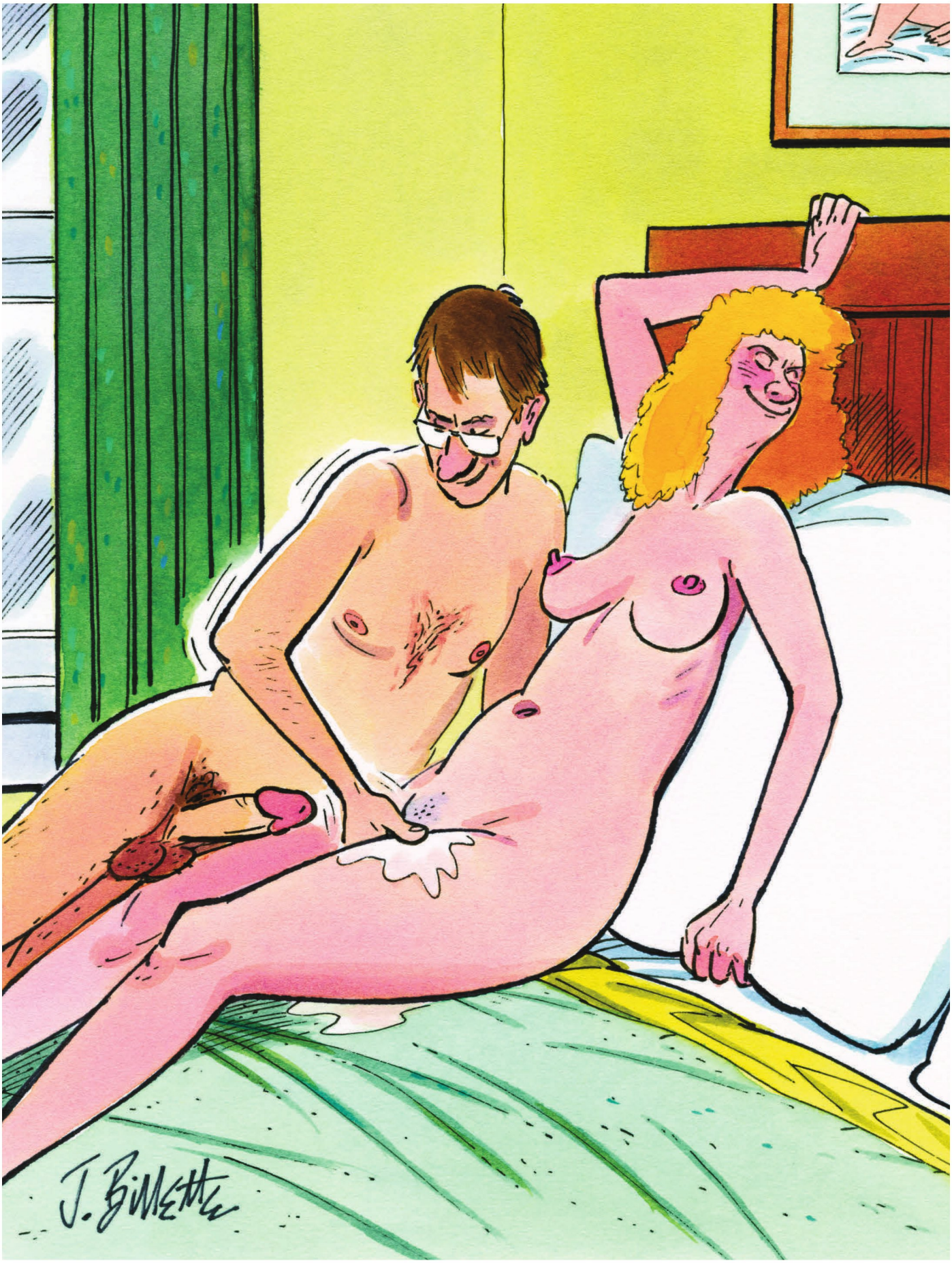
NATALIA STARR & ZOEY FOXX

"Would you mind shaving it? It reminds me too much of *Duck Dynasty*."

ALEXIS TEXAS

INTOXICATING
PHOTOGRAPHY BY
LARRY FLYNT PRODUCTIONS

History has proven time and again: Power is not the ultimate aphrodisiac. Beauty is. **Alexis Texas** for President!



"Oh, yeah! Pussies are like bad weather: When it's wet, go inside!"

WELCOME TO VOYEURS' FAVORITE AMATEUR SHOWCASE SINCE 1976!

BEAVER HUNT

EDITED BY MORGEN "TEX" HAGEN

ELISABETH HANSEL

"I like to make people feel comfortable and relaxed," says this "dorky and old-fashioned" massage therapist from Baton Rouge, Louisiana. As you can see, 20-year-old Elisabeth Hansel—whose pastimes include rescuing animals, Mancala, reading and "playing with myself pretty much every day"—is quite comfortable as a rookie nude model: "When I see a photograph of a confident woman that doesn't give a fuck about what anybody else thinks about her, I get a buzz of happiness. Being naked in HUSTLER allows me to give the readers a buzz of happiness, and I get one too. I love making people happy and being happy myself." The 5-foot-3 sweetie's preferred method? "Sex that makes every moment memorable," Elisabeth elaborates. "I definitely like only men and the D. I've been told I give pretty good head. I can fit the whole thing in my mouth, but that's not the only place it's going. Ewwwww, just not my butt—unless I don't give a fuck and there's lube." Bidding farewell, Elisabeth fits in a sexual fantasy: "I'd like to have a threesome with a guy and a girl." *—Photos by Elisabeth Hansel*

"I love being on top. I get a good workout, but it can get tiring after a while. That's when hitting it from the back comes in handy."

SASHA

"I had always wanted to pose nude but was too nervous to do it until now," discloses Sasha, 37, a fast-food cashier and exotic dancer from Killeen, Texas. "Well, better late than never." Admittedly "outgoing, fun-loving and bisexual," the 5-foot-8 newbie gave someone special more than a live preview. "My husband got horny watching the shoot," Sasha confides. "We fucked in the car before going home. I'm very seductive and aggressive, but I can also be a submissive sex slave. I really love oral sex and being fucked doggy-style. My favorite expression is 'I'm coming, baby!' I'm a multi-comer, and I want to learn how to squirt!" Rounding out her résumé, Sasha digs shopping, James Patterson novels, horror flicks, *Deadliest Catch* and masturbating. Her kinkiest fantasy? "I want to be tied up and fucked."

—Photos by Ron Neumann

"I like to get naked for my husband and go all out to make him have an orgasm without even having sex."

BEAVER HUNT SPOTLIGHT

VIVIENNE CORTEZ

"It has been a lifelong dream of mine to pose for HUSTLER," states webcam girl Vivienne Cortez, 30, a New Jersey native who now holes up in Las Vegas. "I enjoy being salacious, and I feel that Larry Flynt's magazine is an awesome place to express myself. I'm outgoing, sassy, fearless and outright horny. I love the idea of men and women admiring my body and deep sexuality. I'm bi, and I'll try anything. I love vaginal, anal and oral equally, but I will say that when I'm getting fucked in the ass, my kitty kat gets wetter and my climaxes are more intense." The 5-foot-2 Latina—a workout aficionada whose musical tastes are topped by Luther Vandross, Warrant and 50 Cent—warrants recognition as a fantastic wife. "I let my husband have sex with all my hot girlfriends," Vivienne explains, "and I give him blowjobs while he is entertained with something else—like TV, work, telephone calls, etc. I'm also a great person to watch a TV show or movie with because in the middle I'll politely ask to suck on your cock and to get a light spanking if it's not done properly." Climaxing her biographical scuttlebutt, Vivienne coos, "I love to make guys drool and rock hard." *—Photos by Lance Kincaid*

"My fantasy is to have a harem of women treating me like a princess as they make me come again and again!"
Facebook.com/VivienneCortez

RILEY

"Modeling nude was always one of my dreams," reveals Riley, 22, a "very caring" waitress from Sarasota, Florida. "When the opportunity came up, I knew I had to jump on it. I like to try new things." For old things, Riley can rely on going to the beach, reading, movies, snowboarding and playing soccer and basketball, but the 5-foot-7 Sublime and Jay-Z fan will never pass up an amorous slam-dunk. "I suck a mean dick," Riley roars, "and my favorite position is absolutely being on top. It's pretty normal but far from boring. I love being in control of how fast and how hard I'm getting it. But I must say that losing control can be so embarrassing. One time I peed on my partner. I'm talking real passionate stuff here." Conjuring up a new place to get stuffed, ravenous Riley muses, "I want hot, steamy, sweaty sex on a jet ski. Just the motor's vibrations and adrenaline rush of skimming waves would take care of business. I'm getting wet just thinking about it." *—Photos by DavidKPhoto.com*

APRIL SHOWERS

Larry Flynt is a hero to me and my husband, and there is nobody else I'd rather pose for," proclaims April Showers, 32, a "freaky, affectionate and sensual" oral radiography student from Baltimore, Maryland. The 5-foot-4 HUSTLER diehard, who's "very orally skilled with both men and women," is also an avid swinger. "Contrary to what some people believe," April asserts, "it's made our marriage stronger. Another one of our hobbies is hitting strip clubs so I can flirt with the sexy girls. My fantasy is to dominate two strippers in a hot tub while my husband jerks off in a corner. When he's about to burst, he comes over and showers the three of us with his nut. Then we all get into it. What I love most is having a sweet pussy in my face as I'm getting pounded from behind." *—Photos by Husband*

"I always make sure that my husband, the only man who's ever made me squirt, has a full belly and empty nuts!"

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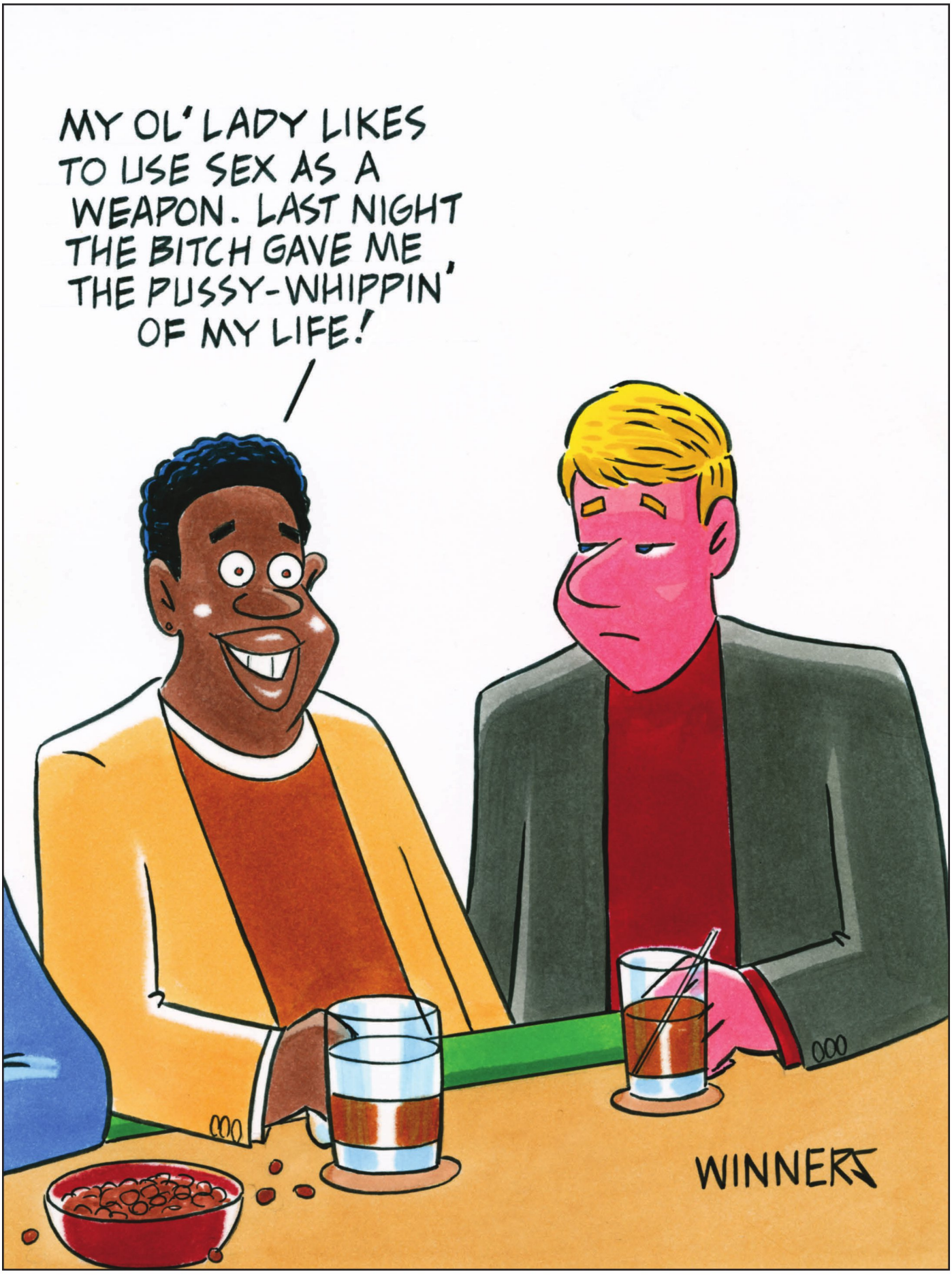
Note: Payment sent to model only.

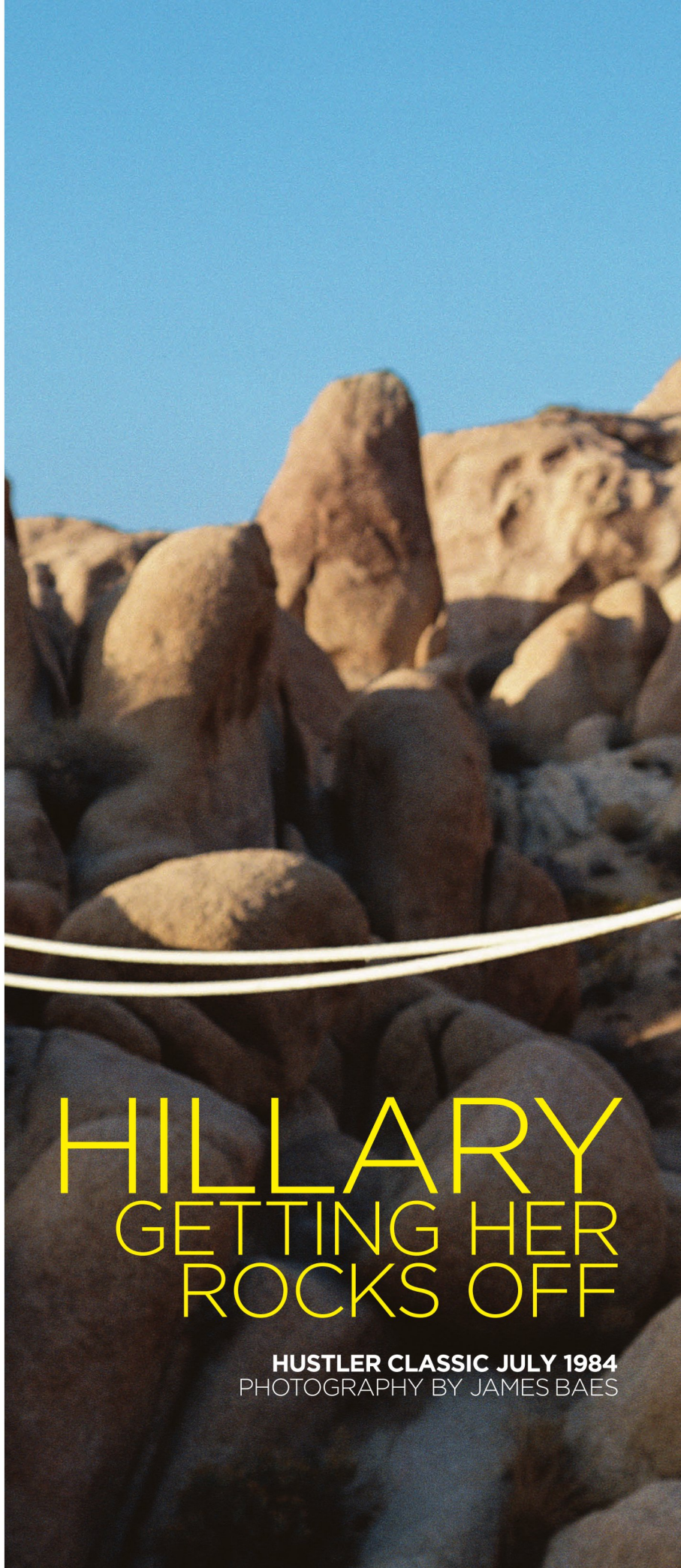

MY OL' LADY LIKES TO USE SEX AS A WEAPON. LAST NIGHT THE BITCH GAVE ME THE PUSSY-WHIPPIN' OF MY LIFE!
WINNERS

WHITEHOUSE ORGY

PHOTOGRAPHY COURTESY
HUSTLER VIDEO

Bonnie Rotten, **Layton Benton**, **Megan Vaughn**, **Mia Gold** and **Claudia Valentine** do some lobbying at 1600 Pennsylvania Ave.

White House Orgy is available from HUSTLER Video. To order, call (toll-free) 800-763-8271 ext. 7675 or visit **HustlerStore.com**.



HILLARY
GETTING HER ROCKS OFF

HUSTLER CLASSIC JULY 1984
PHOTOGRAPHY BY JAMES BAES

Where I come from," explains **Hillary**, "a stone fox is, like, a totally rad-lookin' chick who's, like, totally cool too. That's me." **Hillary**—a Valley Girl, fer sure—hails from Encino, in the heart of Southern California's famed San Fernando Valley. This 19-year-old student says rock climbing in the hills near her home is her favorite hobby. "In the summer I like to climb bare-assed because tan lines, like, gag me, you know? My favorite thing to do, though, is to bring some foxy dude up here with me, lay out a blanket and go for it right on the rocks. Now *that's* tubular."

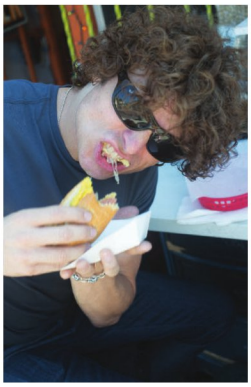
COMING SOON

HUSTLER CLUB CONFIDENTIAL

We slip past security at our own Sin City strip joint and crash a dressing room full of hot naked flesh. What happens in Vegas ends up in HUSTLER!

NICK HAWK: DICK FOR HIRE

This dude probably fucked your wife. The star of Showtime's reality-TV hit *Gigolos* hooks up with the HUSTLER Club girls and gives us the raw truth about every guy's dream job.

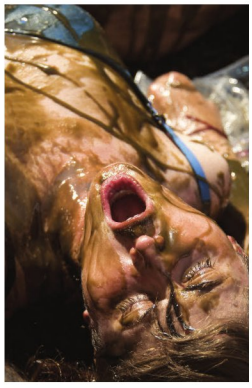


OFF! GETS OFF

Members of the punk supergroup hang in Hollywood with Oriana Small aka Ashley Blue. Hardcore meets hard-core! Greasy hotdogs, midget handjobs, unfuckable fans—nothing is off limits.

THE REAL HUNGER GAMES

The drought of 2012 was just the beginning. Brace yourselves for starvation, riots and the slow, painful ex-tinction of the human species—all courtesy of the oil industry.



KEISHA GREY